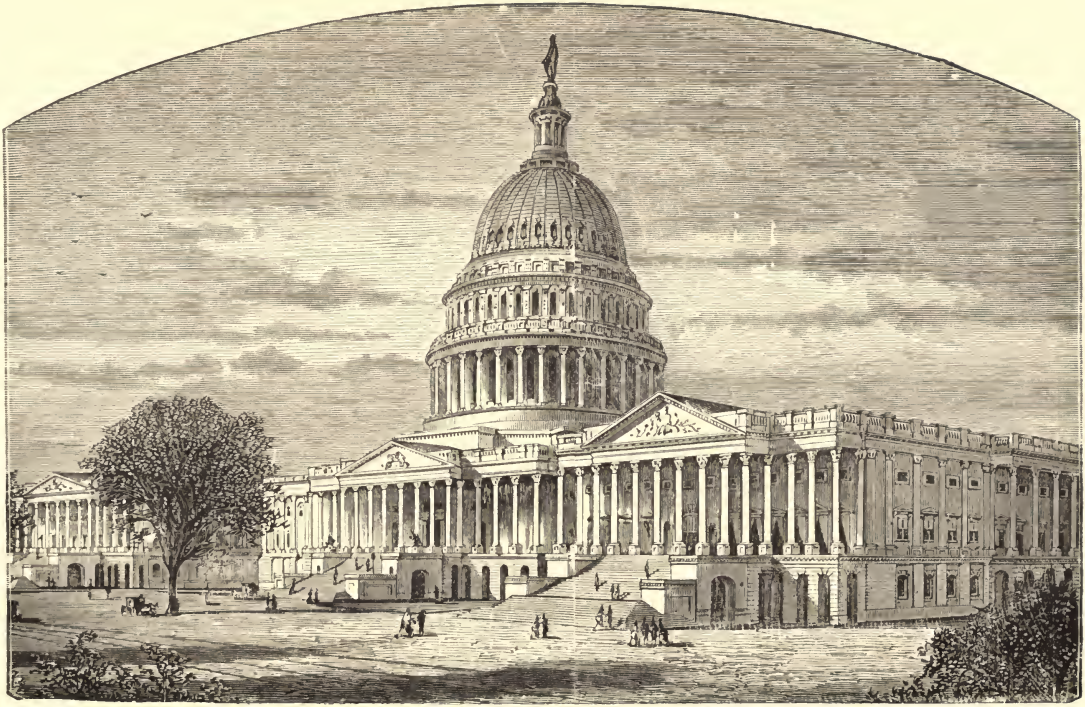
# STORIES OF OUR COUNTRY

JAMES JOHONNOT



National Capitol at Washington.

*HISTORICAL SERIES—BOOK III PART I*

# STORIES

# OF OUR COUNTRY



COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY JAMES JOHONNOT

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# PREFACE.

The Icelanders, who live amid the cold and desolation of almost perpetual winter, have a proverb which says that "Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon." In spite of all their hardships and privations, they cherish an intense love of country, and, when transported to more genial climes, many a poor exile has pined away his life from pure home-sickness. The Icelander loves his country, not for what it produces, not for its beauty, not for its riches, but because it is his *home*. In the little hut, half buried in the snow, he was born, and there he grew up under the watchful providence of mother-love. Around him were loving kindred—father, brothers, sisters, grandparents, and all—and in this spot, where home-love was born, are concentrated the profounder emotions of his nature. But the home reaches out to other homes, and patriotism, or love of country, is born and becomes a dominating sentiment in his heart and brain.

This sentiment of love of country and loyalty to its interests is not the monopoly of a nation or a race, but belongs to all men and all ages. Having its birth at the fireside, it is nurtured by the story of the daring, the suffering, the courage, and the endurance which made

homes possible. Whether heard from grandfather's knee or read from books, no child ever tires of such stories, and there grows up within him a resolve that the blessings which cost so much shall be preserved. This form of pure patriotism may be greatly stimulated by work in school.

By the use of this little work the pupil has all the aids to reading which characterize ordinary reading-books—lessons for practice, variety in style, and all the necessities of elementary elocution. Besides these, he gets all the interest that the story excites, the knowledge which it unfolds, and the sentiment which it imparts, and the reading-lesson becomes a potent force in mental and moral development.

The spirit of adventure shown by the old navigators; the hardy endurance of the early settlers; the sturdy independence of their sons; and the wise and unselfish patriotism of Washington and his compatriots, can not fail to inspire a love for this America of ours which will cherish its virtues, remove its imperfections, and protect it from all enemies, without and within.

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# STORIES OF OUR COUNTRY.

## I.

### PONCE DE LEON.

1. One of the companions of Columbus in his voyage of discovery was Ponce de Leon. He was the first Governor of Porto Rico, a small island sixty miles east of Hayti, and he it was who sailed on a voyage of discovery among the Bahamas in search of the fabled Fountain of Youth. There was a story abroad in Porto Rico, and it had before been told and widely believed in Old Spain, that somewhere there was a clear spring, the waters of which were bubbling up in the midst of a vast forest, and that he who should bathe in these waters would have his youth restored, and his ugliness would be turned into beauty. It was thought that this spring existed upon an island among the Bahamas.

2. De Leon was an old man, and wanted to become young. Impressed with the truth of the story, he sought that wonderful fountain. After cruising awhile among the Bahamas, he landed on the peninsula of Florida, in the harbor of St.

Augustine. It was Palm-Sunday when he landed. That day is called by the Spaniards *Pasqua de Flores;* and it so happened that at the time of this landing it was the spring season, and flowers were blooming on every side. Very appropriately, therefore, on account of Palm-Sunday, and the floral display about him, De Leon called the land Florida.

*Ponce de Leon.*

3. He supposed Florida to be an island like Cuba, and he took possession of it in the name of the Spanish monarch. Feeling that he ought not to make further conquests without a royal commission, he sailed for Spain to obtain one. But he had failed to find the Fountain of Youth. He had plunged into every stream and pond, hoping to rise from it young and blooming; but he only grew older, and began to enter upon his second childhood. He was afterward appointed Governor of Florida, and was killed while on an expedition against the natives.

4. After his death, no one ever directly searched for the Fountain of Youth, yet the story was gen-

erally believed, and many an adventurer, while searching for gold, kept his eye out for the magic spring. At first, it was supposed to be near the coast, but afterward it was said to be situated in the very center of the peninsula. But, while many a head has grown gray in Florida exploration, there is no record that any baths in the land of flowers have ever yet changed the wrinkles of age into the smooth skin of youth.

## II.

## DE SOTO.

1. "In the year 1538, Fernando de Soto planned an expedition to explore the interior of Florida, as all North America was then called, in search of El Dorado, a populous and wealthy region supposed to exist there. By permission of the Spanish monarch, he undertook the exploration and conquest of Florida at his own risk and expense. He was commissioned governor-general of that country and of Cuba for life. Leaving his wife to govern Cuba during his absence, he sailed, in June, 1539, and landed at Tampa Bay with a force of six hundred men in complete armor.

2. "There he established a small garrison, and then sent most of the vessels of his fleet back to Cuba. He found a Spaniard who had learned the native language. Taking him with him as interpreter, De Soto marched with his force into the interior. For five months they wandered among the swamps and Everglades, fighting their way against the natives, when they reached the fertile regions of the Flint River, in the western part of Georgia. There they passed the winter, within a few leagues of the Gulf, making, through exploring parties, some new discoveries, among which was the harbor of Pensacola.

3. "Early in May they broke up their encampment, and, marching northeasterly, reached the head-waters of the Savannah River. After a brief tarry there, they turned their faces westward, and, on the 28th of October, came upon a fortified town, near the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers. A battle of nine hours' duration ensued. Thousands of the half-naked Indians were slain, and their village reduced to ashes. Several of the mailed Spaniards were killed, and the victory availed De Soto nothing. All his baggage was consumed, and much provision was destroyed.

4. "The wild tribes, for many leagues around, were aroused by this event. De Soto went into

winter-quarters in a deserted Indian village on the Yazoo. There he was attacked by the swarming natives, bent on revenge. The town was burned, all the clothing of the Spaniards, together with many horses and nearly all the swine which they brought from Cuba, were destroyed or carried away, and several of the whites were killed. Early in the spring, the shorn invaders pushed westward, and discovered the Mississippi or Great River.

5. "They had marched for months, ever straining their wearied eyes for a gladsome sight of the Hidden River, when, on a bright summer morning in June, 1541, the coveted goal was at last reached. As their foremost horsemen broke from the forest, and eagerly galloped up a gentle slope, they found themselves suddenly upon a steep bluff, and at their feet rolled the waters of a mighty river, such as their eyes had never yet beheld in this world. Their hearts were too full of gratitude, we are told, to utter words of thanks, or even of wonder. They halted and gazed at the great mys-

tery till their eyes overflowed and their pent-up feelings escaped in one great cry of delight.

6. "The river, it is said, was almost half a league wide. If a man stood still on the other side, it could not be decided whether he was a man or not. The river was of great depth, and of a strong current; the water was always muddy; there came down the stream, continually, many trees and timber. Two hundred canoes, laden with armed and painted Indians, came dashing down the current to greet the new-comers; the chieftain's boat, gorgeously appareled, led the gay procession, and every canoe was bright with waving plumes and clanging shields.

7. "The delighted Spaniards eagerly drank in the rare sight. They looked with fierce covetousness at the populous towns that dotted the country, and at the mighty river that was to be their key to the land of gold. For many months they sailed on its waters, and marched along its banks, wintering within sight of the river. But another great tragedy was approaching, to add new gloom and new mystery to the annals of the Hidden River. In the following spring De Soto fell sick, refused to yield to the advice of his friends and the promptings of Nature, and died.

8. "Who can tell the deep grief, the overwhelming sense of desolation that his death caused

in the hearts of his followers, his faithful friends? Decimated by disease and constant warfare; stripped of all comforts — of their wonted food, and even of scanty clothing; weighed down by grief for the lost ones, and by sore fears for the future, they were suddenly robbed of their leader,

*Death of De Soto.*

who had watched over them with fatherly care, encouraged them by his example, and cheered them by his indomitable spirit. The happiest issue, the brightest hope they had dared to cherish, was to

float down the mysterious river through hosts of hostile nations, to be carried, they knew not whither.

9. "But first they had to perform their last solemn duty to the beloved chieftain; to secure his remains against the fierce hatred and bitter revenge of the Indians. At a place not far, probably, from the Chickasaw Bluffs, they cut down a gigantic oak-tree, carefully hollowed out the immense trunk, and in this strange coffin deposited the body of their great leader. Then, on a dark and gloomy night, with the cross leading them onward, and unspeakable grief in their hearts, they marched in solemn procession to the river-bank. Not a word was heard save the low chanting of the priest. The very voices of Nature seemed to be hushed, and only the steady, unceasing surge of the sullen waters filled the air with its low, murmuring sounds.

10. "Thus they reached a tongue of land jutting out into the river, and forcing it to narrow its channel and to deepen its bed, and here, in a place where the waters were nineteen fathoms deep, they deposited all that remained of their great chieftain, to rest there, safe from the scent of brutes and the passions of men, till his soul was to reawaken on the banks of 'a pure river of water of life.' Thus the discoverer of the Mississippi sleeps beneath

its waters, adding another mystery to the many that give the Hidden River such charms in the eyes of philosophers and historians."

*Romance of History.*

## III.

## JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

1. Nearly one hundred years had gone by since the discovery of Columbus before the English made any attempt to form a settlement in America. In the year 1585 a ship-load of men were sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in part to found a colony and in part to search for gold. They landed on Roanoke Island, in Albemarle Sound, on the coast of North Carolina. But they proved to be a faint-hearted people, for the next year they all returned home. In 1587 Sir Walter sent another expedition to the same point, and the foundation of a city was laid. When search was made for the settlers a year later they could not be found, and to this day their fate is unknown, but it is supposed that they were murdered by the Indians. Some eighteen years later a more successful enterprise was formed, and the first permanent settlement was effected.

2. "On December 19, 1606, three small vessels glide down the river Thames, spreading their sails for a voyage across the Atlantic. There are two hundred and five persons on board the vessel. They are leaving England to found a state in a wilderness thousands of miles away. Of the party, four are carpenters, twelve laborers, and forty-eight gentlemen, who look upon labor as a degrading occupation. One of the gentlemen is Captain John Smith, who is not thirty years of age, but who has had an adventurous life. He was born only a short distance from where Dr. Wycliffe lived, in 1576.

3. "When he was a school-boy he had such a longing to be a sailor that he sold his books and satchel to get money enough to go to sea; but just then his father died, and left him a good deal of money, and he concluded to remain in England and be a merchant. He was a headstrong boy, and so wild and reckless that his friends were glad when he entered the service of Lord Willoughby, who sent him to France with his son Penguin. He did not get on very well with his patron, who soon dismissed him, giving him money enough to get back to England; but John, instead of going home, enlisted with the Dutch to fight the Spaniards."

4. After being shipwrecked on his return to

England, he was introduced by Mr. David Hume to King James. As the king had nothing for him to do, he built a hut in the forest, and began to study military science, that he might become a general. Discontented with this life, he sailed for Germany, to serve the emperor in fighting the Turks. In France he is robbed of all his money. On his way to Italy he is thrown overboard by the Pilgrims on the ship, who regarded John as a Jonah, because he was a heretic. But he swam ashore and joined the "Fiery Legion" of the Austrian army.

5. After several duels and hand-to-hand fights with the Turks, he was at last captured and sent by a pasha to the shore of the Black Sea, where he is set at thrashing wheat, with an iron collar riveted about his neck. When one day the pasha rode to see him he was thrashing with his flail. The Turk cut him with his whip, and Smith returned the compliment by giving the Turk a whack on the head with his flail. Then he sprang upon the Turk's horse, and after riding for fourteen days reached the Russian frontier, and made good his escape. After again fighting the Spaniards, he embraces this opportunity to seek his fortunes in the New World.

6. "On April 26, 1607, the vessels enter the Chesapeake Bay and anchor under a point of land

which the colonists call Point Comfort. The Indians gaze upon the vessels with wonder. Captain Newport quiets their fears, and makes them presents. Captain Smith is sent to open friendly intercourse with the great chief of the Indians. He finds the chief wearing a crown of deer-horns, colored red, with two eagle's feathers in his hair, and a piece of copper dangling on one side of his head. His body is painted crimson and his face blue. The chief receives him courteously, smoking a pipe, and then handing it to Captain Smith.

7. "The ships sail up a noble river, which Captain Newport names James, in honor of the king. He comes to a beautiful island, where he selects a place for a town, erects houses and a fort, and names it Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in the new home of liberty. The colonists go ashore. The gentlemen are unaccustomed to hardship, nor are they used to labor. The summer sun blazes in the heavens. Their provisions are damaged; the water is unwholesome. Fever sets in, and in a few days nearly every man, excepting the laborers, is down with fever. Four die in a single night. The governor, Edward Wingfield, is a selfish, grasping man, who has come to the New World to amass wealth. He reserves all the choice things for himself, and raises a quarrel between himself and his captains,

who make a prisoner of him, and appoint John Ratcliffe in his place.

8. "The provisions are nearly exhausted, and Captain Smith, with six men, goes in a boat to purchase corn from the Indians. A conflict takes place, in which three Indians are killed. They are compelled to bring to the boats of Captain Smith a large quantity of corn, with turkeys, ducks, and venison. Smith leaves his large boat, and, with two soldiers, ascends the Chickahominy in a canoe. His two companions are killed, and he is taken prisoner. He tells them that the colonists have terrible weapons, and will destroy them all. He writes a note to the colonists to fire their cannon.

9. "The Indians arrive at Jamestown with the letter, and are amazed to see that everything happens just as Smith said it would. Their captain must be a supernatural being, for he can make paper talk. They bring back some gunpowder, which they intend to sow in the spring, and so raise their own powder. Captain Smith is taken before the great chief, Powhatan, who wears a dress made of raccoon-skins, with a crown of red feathers. He sits upon a platform, with his two daughters by his side, the oldest fifteen, the youngest thirteen years of age. They bring a bowl of water that he may wash his face, and a

bunch of feathers for a towel. Then he has his trial, and is condemned to die. An Indian rolls a stone into the wigwam, and the captain's head is laid upon it. Two warriors raise their clubs to beat out his brains. His time has come; yet he does not tremble. The Indians shall see that the white man can die without a sign of fear.

10. "The youngest girl by the side of the great chief gazes upon the scene. Her heart is in commotion. A bound, and she is bending over him, shielding him from the clubs ready to descend upon his skull. 'Do not kill him! do not kill him!' The chief loves his daughter, and for her sake spares the captain's life, and sends twelve warriors to conduct him in safety to Jamestown. Captain Smith finds the colony divided. There are forty persons in all, but half of them have seized the vessel in the James, and are abandoning the place, intending to sail to England.

11. "Captain Smith loads a cannon and aims it at the vessel. 'Return, or I will sink you!' The conspirators, awed by the command, return to the shore, and at the last moment the colony is saved from dissolution. Pocahontas is their friend. She comes often to town, bringing provisions. The Indians who come with her learn to respect the man who has no fear of death. 'In a short time a great boat filled with white people

will come from the sea,' he says to them, and in a few weeks Captain Newport sails up the James, with one hundred and twenty immigrants. Now the brave man is a prophet; he can tell what is going to happen, and they stand in fear of him. The new-comers are nearly all 'gentlemen,' who despise labor, and have come expecting to find gold as plentiful as in Peru.

12. "The gentlemen are idlers, but Captain Smith compels them to work. Some of them are terribly profane, and he makes a law that for every oath they utter they shall have a canful of cold water poured down their backs. He discovers that the chief, Powhatan, though professing friendship, is conspiring against the colony, and resolves to seize him; but two worthless fellows flee to Powhatan with information of his intentions. And now Pocahontas comes with counter-information that her father intends to kill the English. Suddenly they are surrounded by a great crowd of savages. Captain Smith seizes the chief by the hair, and with his pistol at the breast of the savage makes him promise submission.

13. "Captain Smith has been three years in Virginia. Had it not been for him, the colony would have perished. He is terribly burned by an explosion of gunpowder, and resolves to return to England. He bids farewell to the colonists,

some of whom are glad to be rid of a man who has compelled them to labor, while others can not keep back the tears when they remember how his wisdom, endurance, and bravery more than

*Marriage of Pocahontas.*

once have saved them from destruction. He returns to England, draws a map of his explorations, which he presents to King James, who holds him in high esteem."

14. In 1612, after Smith had returned to England, Pocahontas, for the bribe of a copper kettle, was treacherously betrayed into the hands of Captain Argall, and by him kept as a prisoner in order to obtain advantageous terms of peace with Powhatan. The Indian king offered five hundred bushels of corn for her ransom; but before her release was effected a mutual attachment sprang up between her and John Rolfe, a young Englishman, whom she afterward married.

15. Accompanied by her husband, Pocahontas went to England in 1616, where she was received at court with the distinction of a princess. The bigoted King James was highly indignant because one of his subjects had dared to marry into a royal family, and absurdly feared that Rolfe might lay claim to the crown of Virginia. She remained in England about a year; and when on the point of returning to America with her husband, in 1617, she sickened and died at Gravesend. The Lady Rebecca (as she was called in England) had many and sincere mourners. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who afterward became a distinguished man in Virginia, and from whom John Randolph, of Roanoke, was descended.

## IV.

## HENRY HUDSON.

1. "The storks are building their nests on the chimney-tops in Amsterdam. The spring has come in its beauty. William Brewster and his fellow-Pilgrims, in this year of 1609, are hard at work; but quite likely they have time to stop for a few moments on this 25th day of May, to take a look at a vessel, the Half-Moon, which is just starting for a long voyage, in search of a new route to China. Henry Hudson, an Englishman, Captain John Smith's friend, is skipper. He stands upon the deck issuing orders. The sailors bid good-by to their friends, and the Half-Moon slowly moves away.

2. "The winds are fair, and in less than a month Captain Hudson is at Cape North; but there he encounters terrible storms. The air is thick with mist. There are dense fogs, and ice-fields block his way. He is not a man, however, to turn back at once to Amsterdam; but presses on westward, loses his foremast in a fearful storm, reaches the Banks of Newfoundland, where the crew catch a great supply of fish, and on July 17th he enters Penobscot Bay. From there he sails south, and drops anchor in Chesapeake Bay,

in Delaware Bay, at Sandy Hook, and at the mouth of 'the great North River of the New Netherlands'—the Hudson.

3. "The Indians put out in their canoes from the shores, come on board the ship, bringing tobacco, corn, and bear-skins, which they gladly exchange for knives and trinkets. The next day Captain Hudson sends a party of sailors on shore, where they find a great company of Indians, who give them tobacco and dried currants. The next day Captain Hudson sails through the 'Narrows,' and finds himself in a beautiful and spacious harbor. He sends a boat to the shore; but suddenly the Indians let their arrows fly, and John Coleman, one of the sailors, is killed. His comrades bury the body on a point of land, which they call Coleman's Point.

*Henry Hudson.*

4. "On the 12th of September the Half-Moon begins her voyage up the great river. The Indians, astonished at the sight, come around the ship in great numbers, bringing corn and tobacco, and making signs for knives and beads. Two

days later the ship is amid the Highlands, and the sailors look out upon the lofty mountains that remind them of the Rhine.

5. "On September 18th Captain Hudson goes ashore near the present village of Castleton, to visit the great chief of the region, who has seventeen wives, and who has corn and beans enough to load three ships like the Half-Moon. The chief gives him a dinner of baked dog, and a dish of pigeons, which the squaws place before them in wooden bowls painted red. The chief would like to have him stay on shore overnight; and when he discovers that the captain is about to return to the ship, he orders his warriors to break their arrows and throw them in the fire, to let him know that no harm shall come to him. For supper they have pumpkins, grapes, and plums.

6. "The Half-Moon makes her way to Albany, where, finding that the ship can go no farther, Captain Hudson sends a party in boats to explore the river He makes a feast to the Indian chiefs on board the ship, giving them brandy. One drinks so much that he becomes intoxicated, and rolls upon the deck; the others, not knowing what to make of it, leap in their canoes and hasten ashore; but return, bringing presents, and are much pleased to find the chief has come to life again, and

who is anxious to stay with the white men, who have such strong water.

7. "Little does Captain Hudson think that at that moment Samuel Champlain is only a few miles distant, exploring the shores of the lake which bears his name, and that, after a century has rolled away, the great battle for supremacy between France and England will be fiercely waged along its peaceful shores. Retracing his course, Captain Hudson drops anchor in Haverstraw Bay, where an Indian, running his canoe under the stern of the vessel, climbs into the cabin-window, and steals Captain Hudson's clothes; but the mate seeing him, seizes a musket and shoots him. The Indians on the ship, amazed at the lightning, the smoke, and the roar of the gun, leap like frogs into the water, and swim for their boats.

8. "Captain Hudson sends a boat filled with sailors to recover the stolen goods. One of the Indians in the water lays hold of the boat to upset it, but a sailor chops off his hand, and the Indian sinks to rise no more. The next day hundreds of Indians come in their canoes to attack the ship, but Captain Hudson brings a cannon to bear upon them. There is a flash, a roar, a boat smashed, and those in it killed or wounded. The others flee in consternation before the white man's thunder and lightning.

9. "After a little while two canoes filled with savages put off from the shore and approach the ship rapidly; but there comes a second flash, and a rattle of musketry. One of the boats is riddled by the shot, and the poor creatures go down one by one, while those in the other canoe pull for the shore. They are powerless before the strangers. The Half-Moon reaches the sea, spreads her sails, and on November 7th casts anchor in Dartmouth Harbor, England, whence Captain Hudson sends an account of his voyage to Holland; but King James will not permit him to sail thither. The king is jealous of the Dutch. Henry Hudson is an Englishman, and no Englishman shall be permitted to aid them in making new discoveries in the Western world.

10. "The next year, 1610, Henry Hudson was sent out by an association of gentlemen, and in that voyage discovered the great bay at the north, called Hudson's Bay, where he wintered. In the spring of 1611 he endeavored to complete his discoveries, but, his provisions failing, he was obliged to relinquish the attempt and make his way homeward. Going out of the straits from the bay, he threatened to set one or two of his mutinous crew on shore. These, joined by others, entered his cabin by night, pinioned his arms behind him, and with his sons, and seven of the sick and

most infirm on board, he was put into a shallop and set adrift. He was never heard of afterward."

*C. C. Coffin.*

## V.

## MASSASOIT.

1. Upon the advent of the Pilgrims in 1620, Eastern Massachusetts was inhabited by an Algonquin tribe known as the Wampanoags, whose chief ruler was Massasoit. For some time sickness had prevailed to such an extent among the Indians along the coast that they all moved farther inland. For this reason the Pilgrims found the land deserted, and no one to dispute their possession.

2. During the winter, while nearly the whole colony were prostrate, and death was busy with its victims, the guards were alarmed at the approach of an Indian. Disposed at first to regard him as an enemy, they were reassured by his friendly signs, and he advanced, crying out, "Welcome, Englishmen!" This proved to be Samoset, one of the subjects of Massasoit, and before the winter was over he proved his friendship by bringing fresh venison to the almost starving people.

3. In the spring, at his instance, Governor Bradford sent a pressing invitation to Massasoit to pay them a visit, and at last the invitation was accepted. At the appointed day the Indian king made his appearance with a retinue of warriors, but for a long time, through fear and distrust, they kept within the shade of the forest. At length the Indians were reassured by the representations of Samoset, and the king, accompanied by his principal chiefs, advanced for the interview. He was met half-way by Governor Bradford, accompanied by Miles Standish, and, escorted by a drum and fife, they took their way to the council-chamber at Plymouth.

4. Here a feast had been prepared for them, and the Indians' hearts were made glad by the bountiful repast, and by the presents which each received. Before returning, the preliminaries of a treaty had been discussed, and a day appointed for its ratification. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasant relations between them, and a solemn treaty was made, which confirmed the Pilgrims in the title to their lands, and put an end to their fears.

5. This treaty continued in force as long as Massasoit lived, and the contracting parties often had an opportunity to perform essential service to each other. Until their first harvest was ready,

starvation frequently stared the settlers in the face, but it was repeatedly averted by presents from Samoset and other Indians, who almost made their home among their English friends.

6. In the autumn news was brought that Massasoit was stricken with a grievous fever and was nigh unto death. At once Edward Winslow and two attendants set out to his relief. They found the king tossing on a bed of untanned skins in a little hut on the hill-side. The September day was nearly as hot as July, but yet the hut was shut up as much as possible, and the air inside was rendered stifling by a multitude who had assembled to assist the pow-wows or priests in driving away the evil spirit. The lips of the sufferer were parched, and he rolled his eyes in delirium.

7. At once Winslow commenced operations. He cleared the hut of all but one attendant. Then he let in the fresh air of heaven, and cleansed the patient of the filth that had been allowed to accumulate. Then moistening the parched lips with water, he administered some simple medicine, and the patient fell into a grateful slumber. In the morning he awoke weak, but refreshed, and in his right mind. Comprehending the situation, he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of Winslow, and again closed his eyes. Hour by

hour he improved, and at the end of three days he was able to be up and walk about.

8. His gratitude to Winslow was without bounds, and the whole tribe were anxious to escort their best friend back to Plymouth. Massasoit exclaimed, "Now I know the English are true friends"; and, as long as he lived, the struggling settlers had substantial proofs of his gratitude and friendship.

9. The relations between the whites and the Indians, so happily begun, unfortunately were not established in other parts of the New England colonies; but even when a bloody war raged in Connecticut between the settlers and the Pequots, the Plymouth Colony was carefully guarded from attacks by the vigilance of the friendly Wampanoags.

## VI.

## ROGER WILLIAMS.

1. Roger Williams, the apostle of toleration, was born in Wales, in 1599, and was educated at Oxford. He became a minister in the Church of England, but, on account of his views of religious liberty, he was obliged to leave the Church of

England and become a non-conformist, like the Puritans. At the age of thirty-two, in the year 1631, he came to Boston, a few months after the arrival of Winthrop and his colony. He, like the rest of the Puritans, fled from English persecution. But he differed with the Puritans in the colonies.

2. They held that the civil authorities had a right to command the opinions of their citizens. Roger Williams, on the other hand, though mild in disposition and manner, openly expressed his conviction that the civil magistrate should restrain bad conduct and crime, but never control opinion. So, finding himself looked upon with suspicion by the authorities, Williams left the Massachusetts colony, and joined the settlement at Plymouth. Here he remained two years, and by his charity, virtues, and purity of life won the hearts of all.


3. The people of Salem called him to be their minister; and now, having an opportunity to speak in the public ear, he was in constant trouble with the clergy. The magistrates insisted on the presence of every man at public worship. Williams opposed this law. To compel men to unite with

those of different opinions he regarded as an open violation of their natural rights; and to drag them to public worship against their will he thought was like requiring hypocrisy. Both the magistrates and the clergy were alarmed, and they began to denounce Williams. The more severely they opposed him, the more earnest did he become in urging his views of toleration, until he himself became somewhat intolerant.

4. "He denounced King James as a liar. He declared that the settlers had no right to the lands they occupied; that these belonged to the Indians. He raised a tumult about the Red Cross of St. George, which the colonists still carried in the national banner. At last he boldly denounced the churches of New England as anti-Christian, and excommunicated such of his parishioners as held intercourse with them. The magistrates became greatly irritated, and, on a charge of treasonable conduct, Williams was arraigned before the General Court at Boston. There he stood alone in defense of his noble principles, for his congregation, and even the wife of his bosom, could not justify all his words and acts.

5. "Yet he was unmoved, and declared himself 'ready to be bound and banished, and even to die in New England,' rather than to renounce the truth that shed its light on his mind and con-

science. Every effort to 'reduce him from his errors' was unavailing, and he was ordered to leave the colony within six weeks. He obtained leave to remain until the rigors of winter had passed; but, continuing to express his peculiar views, the court determined to ship him to England immediately. Hearing that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, he set out, with a few followers, for the vast, unexplored wilds of America.

6. "In the midst of deep snows and biting winds they journeyed toward Narragansett Bay. 'For fourteen weeks he was severely tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean.' At last he found refuge with the Indian sachem Massasoit, whom he had known at Plymouth; and in the spring, under a grant from that sachem, commenced a settlement at Seekonk, on the Pawtucket River, just within the limits of the Plymouth Colony. Many of the ministers of that colony wrote friendly letters to him, for he was personally beloved by all. Then Winslow, who was the governor of the colony, wrote a letter to Williams, in which he suggested his removal beyond the limits of the colony to prevent trouble.

7. "Williams heeded the advice of Winslow, and entering a canoe, with five others, paddled down the Seekonk or Pawtucket, almost to its mouth, and landed on a bare rock upon the west

side of the river, and commenced a new settlement. From the principal Indian chiefs he obtained a grant for this purpose. He named his new settlement Providence, 'in commemoration of God's providence to him in his distress.' 'I desired,' he said, 'it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience.' And so it became, for men of every creed there found perfect freedom of thought.

8. "Although every rood of land belonged to Williams by right of deed from the Narragansett sachem, not a foot of it did he reserve to himself. He practiced his holy precepts, and 'gave away his lands and other estates to them that he thought most in want, until he gave it all away.' Nor was there any distinction made among the settlers, 'whether servants or strangers'; each had an equal voice in the affairs of government. The Massachusetts people believed that the fugitives must perish politically, yet they thrived wonderfully, and the impress of that first system is yet seen upon the political character of Rhode Island. And the founder of this colony earned a character which was described by those opposed to him as 'one of the most distinguished men that ever lived, a most pious and heavenly-minded soul.'

9. "The Christian charity of Roger Williams was remarkably displayed after his banishment

from Massachusetts. In 1637 the Pequots tried to induce the Narragansetts to join them in a general war upon the whites, and particularly against the Massachusetts people. Williams informed the latter of the fact, and they desired his mediation. So, forgetting the many injuries received from those who now needed his favor, he set out on a stormy day, in a poor canoe, upon the rough bay, for the cabin of Canonicus. The Pequots and Narragansetts were assembled in council. The former threatened him with death, yet he remained there three days and nights. 'God wonderfully preserved me,' he said, 'and helped me to break in pieces the designs of the enemy.' Notwithstanding this great service, the Massachusetts court refused to revoke Williams's sentence of banishment."

*Lossing.*

## VII.

## KING PHILIP.

1. Massasoit died about the year 1653, at an advanced age, having been from their first arrival the friend of the English, though he would never consent to adopt Christianity. About that time his two sons Wamsutta and Metacom, came to

Plymouth, and in open court professed their friendship for the English, and desired that names should be given them. Wamsutta received the name of Alexander, and Metacom was named Philip. Alexander succeeded his father, but, upon accusation that he had made war upon certain friendly Indians, he was seized and brought to Plymouth. He died within three days.

2. Philip, the younger brother, succeeded Alexander, and appeared at Plymouth to profess his friendship, and obtain recognition as sachem of the Wampanoags, that being the chief tribe under his rule. On account of the treatment of Alexander, distrust had deepened between the English and Indians. It became evident that Philip was organizing an alliance among the various tribes, and preparing for war. In 1675 he was summoned to appear at Plymouth and submit to an examination in regard to his conduct. And here comes in the name of an Indian who, whether designedly or not, caused the outbreak of hostilities.

3. John Sassamon belonged to a family of Eliot's "praying Indians." He renounced Christianity and went over to King Philip; then repented and was received back by Eliot. Still he visited Philip, and reported what he saw and heard to the English. About the time Philip was cited to appear at Plymouth, Sassamon made

one of his visits to the Wampanoags. It was his last. His body was found thrust through a hole in the ice, with his neck broken, and his hat and gun near by, as if he had committed suicide. A jury decided that he had been murdered, and three prominent Indians were seized, convicted, and hanged.

4. The young men of their tribe instantly retaliated by an attack upon an English settlement, which was burned, and in and near it several persons were slain. Thus began King Philip's War. It lasted over a year, and not one open battle took place. Everywhere in the out-settlements, and near the villages, the savages pounced upon their victims, or shot them from ambush, and all New England was kept in terror.

5. Philip, on his side, carried on this war with single-handed energy and talent. He had to watch and resist, openly and secretly, all who would not join him, besides the multitudes who deserted, betrayed, and opposed him. The New Hampshire tribes mostly withdrew from the contest. The praying Indians, of whom there were thousands, either remained neutral, or turned against their own race. One of Philip's own tribes forsook him in his misfortunes; and the Pequots and Mohegans of Connecticut kept the field against him from the very first day of the war to the last.

6. Philip is said to have wept over this dis-

tressed condition of things. He relented, perhaps, savage as he was, at the idea of disturbing the long amity which his father had preserved. But the die was cast, and, though Philip never smiled after that memorable hour, his whole soul was bent upon the business before him. Day nor night scarcely was there rest for his limbs nor sleep for his eyes. The strength of his own dominions was about six hundred warriors, ready and more than ready for the war-cry. His situation during the last few months of the war was so deplorable, and yet his courage was so great, that we can only look upon him with pity and admiration.

7. His success for some time had been tremendous, but the tide began to turn. The whole power of the colonies was in the field, aided by scouts of his own race. The mere physical endurance of Philip was almost incredible It is by his hair-breadth escapes, indeed, that he is chiefly visible during the war. Occasionally the English come close upon him; he starts up like a roused lion, plunges into the river or leaps the precipice; and nothing more is seen of him for months.

8. Only a few weeks after the war commenced, he was surrounded in the great Pocasset Swamp, and obliged to escape from his vigilant enemies by rafting himself, with his best men, over the Taunton River, while their women and children were

left to be captured. On his return to the same neighborhood the next season, a captive guided the English to his encampment. Philip fled in such haste as to leave his kettle upon the fire; twenty of his comrades were overtaken and killed, and he himself escaped to the swamp.

9. Here his uncle was shot soon afterward, at his side. Upon the next day Captain Church, discovering an Indian seated on a fallen tree, raised his musket and deliberately aimed at him. "It is one of our own party," whispered a savage, who crept behind him. Church lowered his gun, and the stranger turned his head. It was Philip himself, musing, perhaps, upon the fate that awaited him. Church fired, but his royal enemy had already fled down the bank. He escaped from a close and bloody skirmish a few hours afterward.

10. Philip was now a desolate and desperate man, the last prince of an ancient race, without subjects, without territory, accused by his allies, betrayed by his comrades, hunted like a spent deer by blood-hounds, in daily danger of starving, and with no shelter day or night for his head. All his chief counselors and best friends had been killed. His brother was slain in the Pocasset Swamp; his uncle was shot down at his own side; and his wife and son were captured.

11. At the head of a few followers who still

remained alive and continued faithful to him, he returned to his home at Mount Hope. But the white forces under Captain Church closely followed him, and gave him but a few hours to rest. At their approach he took refuge in a neighboring swamp, but his hiding-place was soon discovered, and was completely surrounded. As the little army of Captain Church closed in, Philip was seen watching one of the entrances to the swamp. He was shot, it is said, by one of the friendly Indians which constituted a portion of the invading force.

12. Philip was far from being a mere barbarian in his manners and feelings. There is not an instance to be met with of his having maltreated a captive in any way, even while the English were selling his own slaves abroad, or torturing and hanging them at home. The famous Mrs. Rowlandson speaks of meeting with him during her doleful captivity. He invited her to call at his lodge; and, when she did so, bade her sit down, and asked her if she would smoke. On meeting her again, he requested her to make some garment for his child, and for this he paid her a shilling.

13. Philip did and endured enough to immortalize him as a warrior, a statesman, and we may add a high-minded and noble patriot. He fought and fell—miserably, indeed, but gloriously—the avenger of his own household, the worshiper of

his own gods, the guardian of his own honor, a martyr for the soil which was his birthplace, and for the proud liberty which was his birthright.

*Thatcher.*

## VIII.

## THE INDIAN BIBLE.

1. What a task would you think it, even with a long lifetime before you, were you bidden to copy every chapter, and verse, and word in the family Bible! Would not this be a very heavy toil? But if the task were, not to write off the English Bible, but to learn a language utterly unlike all other tongues, a language which hitherto had never been learned; to learn this new variety of speech, and then to translate the Bible into it, so carefully that not one idea throughout the holy book should be changed—what would induce you to undertake this toil? Yet this was what the apostle Eliot did.

2. It was a mighty work for a man, now growing old, to take upon himself. And what earthly reward did he expect from it? None; no reward on earth. But he believed that the red-men were the descendants of those lost tribes of Israel of

whom history has been able to tell us nothing for thousands of years. Sometimes, while thus at work, he was visited by learned men, who desired to know what literary work Mr. Eliot had in hand. They, like himself, had been bred in the studious cloisters of a university. They had grown gray in study; their eyes were bleared with poring over print and manuscript by the light of the midnight lamp.


3. And yet how much had they left unlearned! Mr. Eliot would put into their hands some of the pages which he had been writing; and behold! the gray-headed men stammered over the long, strange words, like a child in his first attempts to read. Then would the apostle call to him an Indian boy, one of his pupils, and show him the manuscript which had so puzzled the learned Englishman. "Read this, my child," said he; "these are some brethren of mine, who would fain hear the sound of the native tongue."

4. Then would the Indian boy cast his eyes over the mysterious page, and read it so skillfully that it sounded like wild music. It seemed as if

the forest leaves were singing in the ears of his auditors, and as if the roar of distant streams were poured through the young Indian's voice. Such were the sounds amid which the language of the red-man had been formed; and they were still heard to echo in it. The lesson being over, Mr. Eliot would give the Indian boy an apple or a cake, and bid him leap forth into the open air, which his free nature loved. The apostle was kind to children, and even shared in their sports sometimes.

5. Occasionally, perhaps, the governor and some of the councilors came to visit Mr. Eliot. Perchance they were seeking some method to get the better of the forest people. They inquired how they might obtain possession of such and such a tract of rich land. Or they talked of making the Indians their servants; as if God had destined them for perpetual bondage to the more powerful white man. Perhaps, too, some warlike captain, dressed in his buff coat, with a corslet beneath it, accompanied the governor and councilors. Laying his hand upon his sword-hilt, he would declare that the only method of dealing with the red-men was to meet them with the sword drawn and the musket presented.

6. But the apostle resisted both the craft of the politician and the fierceness of the warrior.

"Treat these sons of the forest as men and brethren," he would say; "and let us endeavor to make them Christians. Their forefathers were of that chosen race whom God delivered from Egyptian bondage. Perchance he has destined us to deliver the children from the more cruel bondage of ignorance and idolatry. Chiefly for this end, it may be, we were directed across the ocean."

7. Impressed by such thoughts as these, he sat writing in the great chair when the pleasant summer breeze came in through the open casement; and also when the fire of forest logs sent up its blaze and smoke, through the broad stone chimney into the wintry air. Before the earliest bird sang in the morning the apostle's lamp was kindled; and at midnight his weary head was not yet upon its pillow. At length, leaning back in his great chair, he could say to himself, with a holy triumph, "The work is finished!"

8. King Philip's War began in 1675, and ended with the death of Philip in the following year. Philip was a proud, fierce Indian, whom Mr. Eliot had vainly endeavored to convert to the Christian faith. It must have been a great anguish to the apostle to hear of mutual slaughter and outrage between his own countrymen and those for whom he felt the affection of a father. A few of the praying Indians joined the followers of King Philip.

A greater number fought on the side of the English. In the course of the war, the little community of red people whom Mr. Eliot had begun to civilize was scattered. But his zeal did not grow cold; and only about five years before his death he took great pains in preparing a new edition of the Indian Bible.

*Hawthorne.*

## IX.

## THE THREE REGICIDES.

1. New Haven became famous as the "city of refuge" for three of the English regicides, or judges who condemned Charles I to death. They were Generals Goffe and Whalley, and Colonel Dixwell. Whalley was descended from a very ancient family, and was a relative of Oliver Cromwell; Goffe was the son of a Puritan divine, and married a daughter of Whalley; Dixwell was a wealthy country gentleman of Kent, and was a member of Parliament in 1654. On the restoration of Charles II to the throne of his father, many of the judges were arrested, thirty were condemned to death, and ten were executed. The three above named escaped to New England. Goffe and Whalley ar-

rived at Boston in July, 1660, and took up their residence in Cambridge.

2. Feeling insecure there, they removed to New Haven, where their unaffected piety won for them the confidence and esteem of the people, and particularly of the minister, Mr. Davenport. Their apparent freedom from danger lasted but a few days. The proclamation of Charles, offering a large reward for their apprehension, and the news that pursuers were on the scent reached them at the same time, and they were obliged to flee. They took shelter in a rocky cavern, on the top of West Rock, where they were supplied daily with food by their friends. They shifted their place of abode from time to time, calling each locality Ebenezer, and occasionally appeared publicly in New Haven. On one occasion they sat under the Neck Bridge, upon Mill River, when their pursuers passed over, and several times they came near falling into their hands. The people generally favored their escape, and for their lives they owed much to Mr. Davenport.

3. About the time when the pursuers were expected in New Haven, Mr. Davenport preached publicly upon the text, "Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of noonday; hide the outcasts; betray not him that wandereth," etc. The sermon had the

effect to put the whole town upon their guard, and made the people resolve on the concealment of the "outcasts." The following anecdote is related of Goffe while he was in Boston:

4. A fencing-master erected a stage, and upon it he walked several days, defying any one to combat with swords. Goffe wrapped a huge cheese in a napkin for a shield, and, arming himself with a mop filled with dirty water from a pool, mounted the stage and accepted the challenge. The fencing-master attempted to drive him off, but Goffe skillfully received the thrusts of his sword into the cheese. At the third lunge of his antagonist Goffe held the sword fast in his soft shield long enough to smear the face of the fencing-master with the mop.

5. Enraged, the challenger caught up a broadsword, when Goffe exclaimed, with a firm voice: "Stop, sir; hitherto, you see, I have only played with you, and not attempted to harm you; but if you come at me now with a broadsword, know that I will certainly take your life." Goffe's firmness alarmed the fencing-master, who exclaimed: "Who can beat you? You must be either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil, for there was no other man in England could beat me!"

6. In the autumn the regicides left New Haven and went to Hadley. While there, eleven years afterward, King Philip's War took place. While

the people of the town were in their meeting-house, observing a fast, a body of Indians surrounded them. The continual expectation of such an event made the inhabitants always go armed to worship. They were so armed on this occasion, and sallied out to drive off the savages.

7. At that moment there appeared in the midst of them a man of venerable aspect and singular costume, who placed himself at the head of the people, and by causing them to observe strict military tactics, enabled them to disperse the assailants. The stranger disappeared. The people believed an angel had been sent them to lead them and effect a victory. The angel was General Goffe. Goffe and Whalley died at Hadley, and it is supposed that their bodies were secretly conveyed to New Haven. In the old burying-ground in that city, in the rear of the Center Church, are stones which bear the initials of the regicides.

*Lossing.*

## X.

## DEERFIELD AND THE ST. REGIS BELL.

1. "On the last night of February, 1704, a party of French and Indians, under Major Ronville, came from Canada to the little town of Deerfield, in the colony of Massachusetts. The settlers had been warned by the Mohawk Indians of their danger. A stockade had been erected and sentinels placed, but they had retired as morning broke, and the people were waked from their sleep by the war-whoop. The enemy was within the place; no resistance was possible. Forty-seven were killed, and over a hundred in number were carried off as prisoners.

2. "The village was set on fire, and all the buildings except one house and the church were burned. In an hour after sunrise, before the few who escaped could give the alarm, the stealthy savages were on their return. The wretched captives had their clothes taken from them, and no food given them except nuts and acorns, and scraps of dogs' flesh. The weak who could not keep up with the rest were killed, except such children as pleased the Indians, and for them they made sledges. All who could walk were forced to carry burdens. Such as reached Canada were sold as

slaves, but were kindly treated, and allowed to be ransomed by their friends.

3. "Among the captives were Rev. John Williams, the pastor of Deerfield, his wife, and five children. The wife was killed by the Indians on the way. Mr. Williams was released in 1706, and on his return published 'The Redeemed Captive,' a narrative of his sad adventures. His wife Eunice deserves a name among the saints. She did not leave her Bible behind, and the wondering savage looked at her as, when they rested, she turned to its pages for consolation. At last she could go no farther, and sank down to die. Her husband cheered her with the hope of the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

4. "A tomahawk ended her sufferings, and her husband said, 'She rests in peace, in joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Of her children, three sons became ministers of the gospel, and one daughter, having been adopted by Christian Indians in Montreal, would not leave them. She married a son of the family, and when, years after, she visited her friends in Deerfield, it was in an Indian dress, which, with Indian customs, she never laid aside. She clung to her husband and children. Others of the children of this captivity became hunters and trappers."

5. To know the reason for the attack upon

Deerfield we must go back a little in history. Nearly a hundred years before, French Catholic missionaries obtained a foothold among the Iroquois, or Five Nations, and established themselves in the Mohawk Valley, near the present village of Fonda. The Indian name for the place was *Caughnewaga*, by which it is now locally known. The priests were pious and devoted, and their work soon bore fruit. Many of the savages, especially among the Mohawks, gave up the belief of their fathers and espoused Christianity. Their conversion, although it did not entirely civilize, made them more peacefully inclined, and quite a settlement grew up around the mission station.

6. After several years of varied success, the work of the missionaries roused the jealousy of the Mohawk chiefs, and persecutions commenced. The ceremonies of the church were interrupted, and the members of the little community were subjected to all kinds of annoyances and indignities. At last, one of the missionaries, a devoted, peace-loving Christian, was set upon and murdered. The other priests and their Indian converts found that their only choice lay between death and flight, and they resolved upon the latter.

7. The Mohawks, content with their leaving, did not molest them on their journey. The exiles took up their line of march down the valley to

the Hudson, thence north to Canada by the way of Lake Champlain. They found refuge among the Canadian Algonquins, hereditary enemies of the Iroquois. In a short time, the converted Indians of both races were formed into a church, and first established themselves near the Lachine Rapids, on the St. Lawrence River. A few years later they moved farther up the river, and found a permanent resting-place at the point where the forty-fifth parallel, the boundary between the United States and Canada, strikes the river. Here, in the little village of St. Regis, partly in New York and partly in Canada, their descendants still live.

8. Lossing thus relates the strange story of St. Regis and its bell: "St. Regis is an old Indian village, the first upon the river St. Lawrence within the territory of the United States. It contains a small church built about the year 1700. When completed, the priest informed the Indians that a bell was important to their worship, and they were ordered to collect furs sufficient to purchase one. They obeyed, and the money was sent to France for the purpose. The French and English were then at war. The bell was shipped, but the vessel that conveyed it fell into the hands of the English, and was taken to Salem, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1703.

9. "The bell was purchased for a small church


E. J. Meeker

in Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, the pastor of which was the Rev. Mr. Williams The priest of St. Regis heard of the destination of this bell, and as the Governor of Canada was about to send out an expedition, under Major Ronville, against the colonies of New England, he exhorted the Indians to accompany him and get possession of it. They arrived at Deerfield in the evening of February 29, 1704. During the night they attacked the unsuspecting villagers, killed forty-seven, and made one hundred and twelve prisoners.

10. "The bell was conveyed in triumph through the forest to Lake Champlain, to the spot where Burlington now stands, and they buried it with the benedictions of Father Nicolas, the priest of St. Regis, who accompanied them. Thus far they had carried it, by means of timber, upon their shoulders. They hastened home, and returned in early spring with oxen and sled to convey the sacred bell, now doubly hallowed in their minds, to its destination.

11. "The Indians of the village had never heard the sound of a bell, and powerful was the impression upon their minds when its deep tones, louder and louder, broke the silence of the forest, as it approached their village at evening, suspended upon a cross-piece of timber, and rung continually by the delighted carriers. It was hung in the

steeple with solemn ceremony. On the subject of this story, Mrs. Sigourney wrote her beautiful poem entitled "The Bell of St. Regis," in which occur these lines:

'Then down from the burning church they tore
The bell of tuneful sound;
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing toward their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound.'"

12. But one sad day the bell cracked, and the sweet tones were heard no more. The whole church went into mourning, and its services were robbed of half their solemn import. Years passed by, but at length, in 1838, the situation became unbearable. The bell was taken down from the steeple, and committed to a party of Indians chosen and specially consecrated for the purpose. Carefully was it placed upon a sledge, and with a sufficient team of horses it was taken over the rough roads of Northern New York to the city of Troy.

13. It was jealously cared for by day and guarded by night. Unwinking eyes kept watch until the final destination was reached. The watch continued until every piece of the sacred relic disappeared in the flames of the bell-foundry, and equally vigilant eyes watched the liquid metal as it was drawn out and poured into the mold. During the cooling the suspense was nearly overpowering.

But at length the black sand was thrown aside, and the bell came out in its original shape, with no ugly scar to mar the beauty of its tones. With hearts beating in joy and triumph, the bell was taken back to St. Regis, where it was met with a joyous welcome. A solemn holiday was devoted to its hanging in the belfry ; and, to-day, the members of this primitive Indian church are called to their devotions by its silvery voice proclaiming "the glad tidings of great joy, peace on earth and good-will to men."

14. There is still another romance connected with the little church of St. Regis. Its minister, for many years during the second quarter of the present century, was the Rev. Eleazar Williams, of Indian descent, but with so little color as readily to pass for a white man. Some Frenchman visiting the place noticed the great resemblance of Mr. Williams to Louis XVI, the Bourbon monarch executed in 1794, and a story was at once put in circulation that he was the Dauphin, who had escaped from the hands of his cruel jailers, and had found refuge in the wilderness of America. A book was written in support of the claims of Rev. Mr. Williams to the throne of France; but investigation showed conclusively that both the princes perished, and that, were they alive, Mr. Williams had no claim to their kinship.

## XI.

## THE CHARTER-OAK.

1. "During the reign of Charles II," says "Grandfather's Chair," "the American colonies had but little reason to complain of harsh or tyrannical treatment. But when Charles died, in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, the patriarchs of New England began to tremble. King James was bigoted, and was known to be of an arbitrary temper; and our forefathers felt that they had no security, either for their religion or their liberties.

2. "The result proved that they had reason for their apprehensions. King James caused the charters of all the American colonies to be taken away. The old charter of Massachusetts, which the people regarded as a holy thing, and as the foundation of all their liberties, was declared void. The colonists were no longer freemen; they were entirely dependent on the king's pleasure. At first, in 1685, he appointed Joseph Dudley, a native of Massachusetts, to be Governor of New England. But, soon afterward, Sir Edmund Andros, an officer of the English army, arrived, with a commission to be Governor-General of New England and New York.

3. "The king had given such powers to Sir Edmund Andros that there was now no liberty nor scarcely any law in the colonies over which he ruled. The inhabitants were not allowed to choose representatives, and consequently had no voice whatever in the government, nor control over the measures that were adopted. The councilors with whom the Governor consulted on matters of state were appointed by himself. This sort of government was no better than an absolute despotism."

4. But Connecticut refused to give up her charter, and here begins the history of the charter-oak. In October, 1687, Andros went to Hartford, at the head of a troop of soldiers, to demand the charter. The General Court was in session, and before it Andros pressed his demand, and declared that the government with this charter was at an end. He permitted the subject, however, to be debated, and Governor Treat defended their right to the charter, describing the sufferings the early settlers had endured in making their home in the wilderness. The charter, all this time, lay in a box on the table.

5. The debate continued till evening, when the candles were lighted. A large and excited multitude had collected at the building. Andros ordered the charter to be handed him, and reached

out his hand for it. Suddenly the lights were put out. The crowd shouted. Captain Wadsworth


*Andros demanding the Charter of Connecticut.*

seized the charter and carried it away in the darkness. There was a venerable oak in front of the mansion of Samuel Wyllys, a magistrate of the colony. In a cavity in the heart of this oak the charter was hid.

6. "The famous charter-oak, in the city of Hartford," says Lossing, "was standing in the height of its glory, and estimated to be six hun-

dred years old, when the good Hooker and his followers planted the seeds of a commonwealth there. It was on a slope of Wyllys's Hill. During a lull in the storm at the autumnal equinox, in 1848, I stood in Charter Street, sheltered by a friend's umbrella, and sketched that venerable tree—a 'gnarled oak' indeed. Its circumference, a foot from the ground, was twenty-five feet.

7. "The orifice through which the charter of the Commonwealth of Connecticut was thrust, on the memorable night of the 31st of October, 1687, was smaller at the time of my visit (scarcely admitting my hand) than in the days of Andros, but the cavity remained the same. Sixty years ago a lady wrote of the charter-oak, saying: 'Age seems to have curtailed its branches, yet it is not exceeded in the height of its coloring or richness of its foliage. The cavity which was the asylum of our charter was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child.'

8. "Within the space of eight years that cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the divine purpose for which the tree had been reared." On a stormy night in August, 1854, the old oak was prostrated; and now almost every particle of it is in some pleasing form wrought by the cunning hand of art, and cherished as a memento of a curious episode in our colonial history.

## XII.

## WITCHCRAFT

1. Sir William Phipps became Governor of Massachusetts in 1692. Almost as soon as he assumed the government, he became engaged in a frightful business, which might have perplexed a wiser and better cultivated head than his. This was the witchcraft delusion, which originated in the wicked arts of a few children. They belonged to the Rev. Mr. Pains, minister of Salem. These children complained of being pinched and pricked with pins, and otherwise tormented by the shapes of men and women, who were supposed to have power to haunt them invisibly, both in darkness and daylight.

2. Often, in the midst of their family and friends, the children would pretend to be seized with strange convulsions, and would cry out that the witches were afflicting them. These stories spread abroad, and caused great tumult and alarm. From the foundation of New England, it had been the custom of the inhabitants, in matters of doubt and difficulty, to look to their ministers for counsel. So they did now; but, unfortunately, the ministers and wise men were more deluded than the illiterate people. Cotton Mather, a very learned

and eminent clergyman, believed that the whole country was full of witches and wizards, who had given up their hopes of heaven, and signed a covenant with the evil-one.

3. Nobody could be certain that his nearest neighbor or most intimate friend was not guilty of this imaginary crime. The number of those who pretended to be afflicted by witchcraft grew daily more numerous; and they bore testimony against many of the best and worthiest people. A minister, named George Burroughs, was among the accused. In the months of August and September, 1692, he and nineteen other innocent men and women were put to death. The place of execution was a high hill, on the outskirts of Salem; so that many of the sufferers, as they stood beneath the gallows, could discern their habitations in the town.

4. The martyrdom of these guiltless persons served only to increase the madness. The afflicted now grew bolder in their accusations. Many people of rank and wealth were either thrown into prison or compelled to flee for their lives. Among these were two sons of old Simon Bradstreet, the last of the Puritan governors. Mr. Willard, a pious minister of Boston, was cried out upon as a wizard in open court. Mrs. Hale, the wife of the minister of Beverly, was likewise accused. Philip English, a rich merchant of Salem, found it neces-

sary to take flight, leaving his property and business in confusion. But, a short time afterward, the Salem people were glad to invite him back.

5. The boldest thing the accusers did was to cry out against the Governor's own beloved wife. Yes, the lady of Sir William Phipps was accused of being a witch, and of flying through the air to attend witch-meetings. When the Governor heard this, he probably trembled.

6. Our forefathers soon became convinced that they had been led into a terrible delusion. All the prisoners on account of witchcraft were set free. But the innocent dead could not be restored to life; and the hill where they were executed will always remind people of the saddest and most humiliating passage in our history.

*Hawthorne.*

## XIII.

## THE ACADIAN EXILES.

1. The conquest of Acadia, now Nova Scotia, occurred near the beginning of the French War in 1755. "Three men sailed from Boston, under Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow, on the 29th of May, for the expedition against Nova Scotia. This

Winslow was the great-grandson of the Plymouth patriarch, and grandson of the commander of the New England forces in King Philip's War. At the Bay of Fundy he was joined by three hundred British regulars, and, advancing against the French forts, took possession of them in five days; and, no sooner did the English fleet appear in the St. John's River, than the French, setting fire to their fort at the mouth of the river, evacuated the country.

2. The English thus, with the loss of about twenty men, found themselves in possession of the whole of Nova Scotia. Then the question arose, What was to be done with the people? Acadia was the oldest French colony in Nova Scotia and America, having been settled by Britons sixteen years before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers. Thirty years before the present war, the Treaty of Utrecht, made between the English and French, had given Acadia to Great Britain. Yet the settlement remained French in spirit, character, and religion.

3. By the terms granted to the Acadians when the British took possession, they were excused from bearing arms against France, and were thence known as "French neutrals." From the time of the Peace of Utrecht, they appear, however, almost to have been forgotten, until the present war brought them, to their great misfortune,

back to remembrance. Their life had been one of Arcadian peace and simplicity. Neither tax-gatherer nor magistrate was seen among them. Their parish priests, sent over from Canada, were their supreme head.

4. By unwearied labor they had secured the rich, alluvial marshes from the rivers and sea, and their wealth consisted in flocks and herds. Their houses, gathered in hamlets, were full of the comforts and simple luxuries of their position. Their clothing was warm, abundant, and home-made, spun and wove from the flax of their fields and the fleeces of their flocks. Thus were the Acadians prosperous and happy as one great family of love. Their population, which had doubled within the last thirty years, amounted at this time to about three thousand.

5. Unfortunately, these good Acadians had not strictly adhered to their character of neutrals. Three hundred of their young men had been taken in arms, and one of their priests was detected as an active French agent. It was resolved, therefore, to remove them from their present position, in which they had every opportunity of aiding the French. Lawrence, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Boscawen, and Mostyn, commanders of the British fleet, consulted with Belcher, Chief-Justice of the province, and the result was a scheme of

kidnapping and conveying them to the various British provinces, although, at the capitulation of Beau Sejour, it had been strictly provided that the neighboring inhabitants should not be disturbed.

6. But, no matter; they must be got rid of, for there was no secure possession for the English while they, bound by all the ties of language, affection, and religion to France, remained there. A sadder incident of wholesale outrage hardly occurs in history than this. The design was kept strictly secret, lest the people, excited by despair, should rise *en masse* against their oppressors. Obeying the command, therefore, to assemble at their parish churches, they were surrounded by soldiers, taken prisoners and marched off, without ceremony, to the ships for transportation.

7. At Grand Pré, four hundred men, unarmed, came together, when Winslow, the English commander, addressed them as follows: "Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this province. I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you to carry off your money, and your household goods, as many as you can without crowding the vessels you go in." They were the king's prisoners; their wives and families shared their lot; their sons, their daughters, the whole amount-

ing to about three thousand souls. They had left home in the morning; they were never to return. Wonderful it seems that Heaven left such an outrage on humanity unavenged on the spot.

8. The 10th of September was the day of transportation. They were marched down to the vessels six abreast; the young men first, driven forward by the bayonet, but not a weapon was allowed to them. It was a scene of heart-breaking misery, and, in the confusion of embarkation, wives were separated from husbands, parents from children, never to meet again. It was two months before the last of the unhappy people were conveyed away, and, in the mean time, many fled to the woods. But even this availed nothing. The pitiless conquerors had already destroyed the harvests, to compel their surrender, and burned their former homes to the ground.

9. Some of these poor, unhappy people were sent to every British North American colony, where, broken-hearted and disconsolate, they became burdens on public charity, and failed not to excite pity by their misery, in spite of the hatred to them as Catholics. Some few made their way to France, others to Canada, Santo Domingo, and Louisiana. To those who reached the latter country, lands were assigned above New Orleans, still known as the Acadian coast.

10. A number of those sent to Georgia constructed rude boats, and endeavored to return to their beloved homes on the Bay of Fundy. Generally speaking, they died in exile, the victims of dejection and despair. It will be remembered that one of the finest poems America has produced, "Evangeline," by Longfellow, is founded on this cruel and unjustifiable outrage on humanity.

*Mary Howitt.*

## XIV.

## WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS.

1. In consideration of the services of Admiral Penn, James II granted to his son, William Penn, the whole territory now covered by the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1682 Penn sailed from England, with two thousand colonists, to take possession of his immense farm. He landed near the mouth of the Delaware River, and called the place Philadelphia, or the City of Brotherly Love. Penn had been converted to the peace principles of the Friends, as they called themselves, or the Quakers, as they were named by others. The country took the name of Pennsylvania, and,

as its affairs were conducted with prudence and wisdom, it flourished from the very start.

2. The country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of the original inhabitants, and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to drive away the Indians from their own land. He had, accordingly, the preceding year, appointed his commissioners to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty, in sight of both the Indians and planters.

3. For this purpose, a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding sachems should meet and exchange faith under the spreading branches of a huge elm-tree that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accord-

ingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighborhood, and were seen, with their dark faces and brandished arms, moving in vast swarms in the depth of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region.

4. On the other hand, William Penn, with a few friends, advanced to meet them. He came, of course, unarmed, in his usual plain dress, without banners, or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk network, and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn that the nations were ready to hear him.

5. Having been thus called upon, he began: "The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruleth the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a desire to live in peace and friendship with them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hos-

tile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were there met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love."

6. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and conveyed to them, by the interpreter, the conditions of the purchase. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians.

7. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he spread the parchment on the ground, observing again that the ground should be common to both people. He then added that he would not do as the Marylanders did—that is, call them children and brothers only—for often parents whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between them to a chain, for the rain might

sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body had been divided into two parts.

8. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained to repeat it. The Indians, in return, made long and stately speeches, in which they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure. And thus ended this famous treaty; of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between Christians and savages that was not ratified by an oath, and the only one that was never broken."

9. Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace which had been thus solemnly concluded was never violated. We can not bring ourselves

to wish that there were none but Quakers in the world, because we fear it would be insupportably dull. But, when we consider what great evils daily arise from the ambition and irritability of sovereigns and ministers, we can not help thinking that it would be best to choose all those ruling personages out of that plain, pacific, and sober-minded sect.

## XV.

## THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

1. In the early colonial days Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear's skin for it. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was taken in payment of debts by

the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of.

2. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court established a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them. Then all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons, and hilts of swords were thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

3. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings.

4. When the mint-master, Captain John Hull, had grown very rich, a young man by the name of

Samuel Sewell came a-courting his only daughter. His daughter, Betsy, was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means as slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding itself. With this round, rosy face did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

5. On the wedding-day, John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Opposite to him, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed with as much finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow. His hair was cropped close to his ears, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears.

6. The mint-master was pleased with his son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsy

out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging a large pair of scales. "Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, she had not the least idea.

7. "And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.

8. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the

other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed down the young lady from the floor. "There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

*Hawthorne.*

## XVI.

## THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

1. The English and the French were the principal claimants for the territory now occupied by the Eastern United States. The French had colonies on the St. Lawrence, and the English on the Hudson, and for many years these settlements did not interfere with each other. But, as the rule of each extended, they at last came into collision, and then came war. The main route of communication between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence was by the way of Lake Champlain, and hence the valley of this lake became the battle-field for the two most powerful nations of the world contending for a continent.

2. The woods of the North were populous with fighting-men. All the Indian tribes uplifted their tomahawks, and took part either with the French or English. The rattle of musketry and roar of cannon disturbed the ancient quiet of the forest, and actually drove the bears and other wild beasts to the more cultivated portion of the country in the vicinity of the seaports. The first important conflict occurred at the battle of Lake George, in 1755, when the gallant Colonel Williams, a Massachusetts officer, was slain, with many of his countrymen. But General Johnson and General Lyman drove back the enemy, and mortally wounded the French leader, Baron Dieskau. A gold watch, pilfered from the poor baron, is still in existence, and marks each moment of time, without weariness, although its hands have been in motion ever since the hour of battle.

3. In the first years of the war there were many disasters on the English side. Among these was the loss of Fort Oswego in 1756, and of Fort William Henry in the following year. But the greatest misfortune that befell the English during the whole war was the repulse of General Abercrombie, with his army, from the ramparts of Ticonderoga in 1758. He attempted to storm the walls, but a terrible conflict ensued, in which more than two thousand Englishmen and New-England-

ers were killed and wounded. The slain soldiers now lie buried around that ancient fortress. When the plow passes over the soil, it turns up here and there a moldering bone.

4. Up to this period, none of the English generals had shown any military talent. Shirley, the Earl of Loudoun, and General Abercrombie, had each held the chief command at different times; but not one of them had won a single important triumph for the British arms. This ill success was not owing to the want of means; for, in 1758, General Abercrombie had fifteen thousand soldiers under his command. But the French general, the famous Marquis de Montcalm, possessed a great genius for war, and had something within him that taught him how battles were won.

5. At length, in 1759, Sir Jeffery Amherst was appointed commander-in-chief of all the British forces in America. He was a man of ability and a skillful soldier. A plan was now formed for accomplishing that object which had so long been the darling wish of the New-Englanders, and which their fathers had so many times attempted. This was the conquest of Canada. Three separate armies were to enter Canada from different quarters. One of them, commanded by General Prideaux, was to embark on Lake Ontario and proceed to Montreal. The second, at the head of which was

Sir Jeffery Amherst himself, was destined to reach the river St. Lawrence by way of Lake Champlain, and then go down the river to meet the third army. This last, led by General Wolfe, was to enter the St. Lawrence from the sea and ascend the river to Quebec. It is to Wolfe and his army that England owes one of the most splendid triumphs ever written in her history.

6. Wolfe led his soldiers up a rugged and lofty precipice, that rose from the shore of the river to the plain on which the city stood. This bold adventure was achieved in the darkness of night. At daybreak tidings were carried to the Marquis de Montcalm that the English army was waiting to give him battle on the Plains of Abraham. This brave French general ordered his drums to strike up, and immediately marched to encounter Wolfe.

7. He marched to his own death. The battle was the most fierce and terrible that had ever been fought in America. General Wolfe was at the head of his soldiers, and, while encouraging them onward, received a mortal wound. He reclined against a stone in the agonies of death, but it seemed as if his spirit could not pass away while the fight yet raged so doubtfully. Suddenly a shout came pealing across the battle-field: "They flee! they flee!" and for a moment Wolfe lifted his languid head. "Who flee?" he inquired. "The French," replied

an officer. "Then I die satisfied," said Wolfe, and expired in the arms of victory. We may consider the French War as having terminated with this great event.

## XVII.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1. When George Washington was just entering manhood, he was appointed by the Governor of Virginia as a peace commissioner, to traverse the wilderness, five hundred and sixty miles in breadth, until he should arrive at some French post on the waters of the Ohio. The enterprise was considered so perilous that no one could be found who would undertake it until Washington volunteered. He was then but twenty years and six months of age. When Governor Dinwiddie, a sturdy old Scotchman, eagerly accepted his proffered service, he exclaimed, "Truly you are a brave lad, and if you play your cards well you shall have no cause to repent your bargain."

2. Washington took with him eight men, two of them Indians, with horses, tents, baggage, and provisions, and plunged into the pathless forest. The gales of approaching winter sighed through

the tree-tops. The falling snow whitened the summits of the mountains, and the streams came roaring from the hills and flooded the valleys. Following their Indian guides, they soon reached the Monongahela River, and, passing down its waters in a canoe, in eight days they reached the mouth of the Alleghany, where the junction of the two streams forms the Ohio, and where Pittsburg now stands. He then followed down the Ohio River one hundred and twenty miles, accomplished all the purposes of his mission, and, after an absence of about four months, returned again to Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, to make his report to the Governor.

3. The Legislature of the State of Virginia was then in session at Williamsburg. Washington entered the gallery. The Speaker saw him, and immediately rose and proposed that "the thanks of the House be given to Major Washington, who now sits in the gallery, for the gallant manner in which he has executed the important trust lately reposed in him by his Excellency the Governor." Every member rose and saluted Washington with applause. Overwhelmed with confusion in being thus the object of all eyes, he endeavored to make some acknowledgment of this high honor, but he was quite unable to utter a word. The Speaker came happily to his relief, saying: "Sit down, Ma-

jor Washington; your modesty is alone equal to your merit."

4. The Governor, a rash, headstrong man, much to the dissatisfaction of the colonists generally, promptly decided that the king's territories were invaded, and immediately organized a force to drive away, kill, or seize as prisoners, all persons not the subjects of the king who should attempt to take possession of the lands on the Ohio, or any of its tributaries. Washington was now appointed colonel, and, with a band of about four hundred men, again commenced his march through the vast wilderness to drive the French from the Ohio. But the French, with their Indian allies, were on the alert. The peril of Washington was great. He was surrounded with snares. Hostile bands from different points, it was reported by the Indian scouts, were crowding down upon him. Washington was then but twenty-two years of age. He had never heard the shrill whistle of a bullet thrown in anger.

5. One dark and stormy night, as floods of rain deluged the forest, some Indians came to the camp and informed Washington that a detachment of the French were very near, and were marching to take him by surprise. The night was dark even to blackness. The raging storm howled through the tree-tops, and the mountain streams were

swollen into roaring torrents. Immediately Washington took forty men, leaving the rest to guard the camp, and, guided by the Indians, all night clambered over the rocks and fallen trees as he groped his way through the intricate paths of the forest. In the early dawn of the dark and dreary morning, his party reached an encampment of friendly Indians which they were seeking. With these rude allies Washington continued his advance toward the position occupied by the unsuspected French.

6. It was the 28th of May, 1754. Suddenly the forest echoed with the rattle of musketry and the war-whoop of the savage. The conflict was short. Jumonville, the French commander, and ten of his men, almost immediately fell, and the rest of the party, twenty-two in number, were taken prisoners. This was the first battle that ushered in the long, cruel, and bloody French and Indian War of seven years.

7. Early the next spring (1755) General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of regular troops from Great Britain. It was supposed that such a force would sweep all opposition away. With such fool-hardy confidence as ignorance gives, Braddock marched boldly into the wilderness. Colonel Washington was induced to accompany General Braddock as aide-de-camp.

Washington urged caution, but in vain. They arrived within ten miles of Fort Duquesne, not having encountered any foe. Braddock was without an anxiety or a doubt. He fancied that neither Frenchman nor Indian would dare to meet him. Washington was conscious of their peril, and begged to lead the march with the Virginia volunteers, to guard against an ambush. But the English despised the Americans, and concealed not their pride and contempt. Washington was deeply wounded in his feelings by this treatment.

8. They entered a wild defile. Lofty trees extended in all directions. A luxuriant growth of underbrush, reaching nearly as high as the men's heads, covered the ground. Silence and solitude reigned; not a leaf moved; not a bird-cry was heard. Suddenly, like the burst of thunder, came the crash of musketry, and a tempest of lead swept through the astonished ranks. Crash followed crash in quick succession—before, behind, on the right, on the left. No foe was to be seen. Yet every bullet accomplished its work. The ground was already covered with the dead. Braddock stood his ground with senseless, bull-dog courage, until he fell. After a short scene of confusion and horror, when nearly half the army were gory in death, the remnant broke in wild disorder and fled. The ambush was entirely success-

ful. Six hundred of these assailants were Indians. They laughed the folly of Braddock to scorn.

9. This was just what Washington expected. He did everything which skill and courage could do to retrieve the disaster. Two horses fell under him; four bullets passed through his coat. About eight hundred were killed or wounded, while the invisible foe lost not more than forty. Washington stationed the Virginia provincials, each man behind a tree, according to the necessities of forest warfare, and thus checked the retreat, and saved the army from total destruction. He endeavored to rally the British regulars, but "they ran away," he says, "like sheep before the hounds." The disastrous battle of the Monongahela added much renown to the name of Colonel Washington.

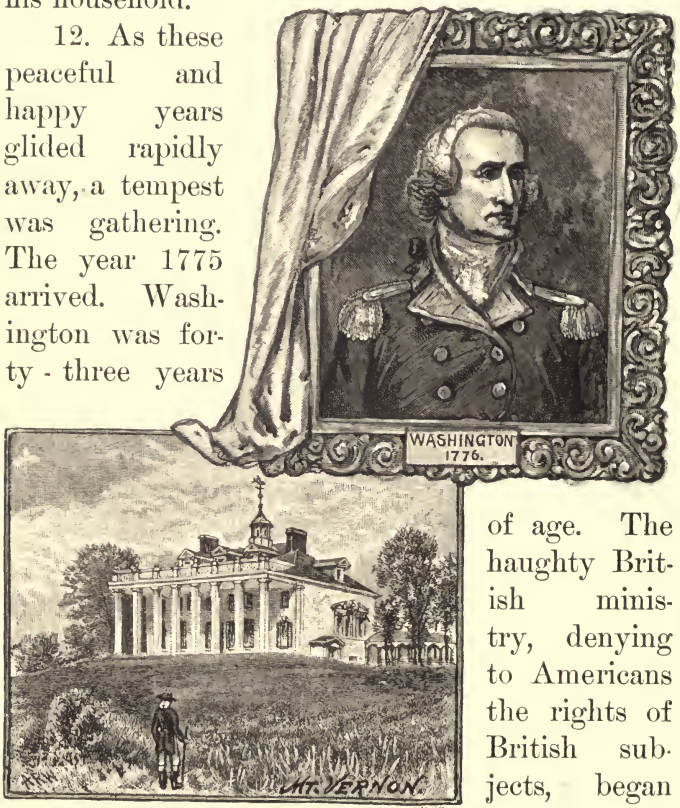
10. The situation of Virginia was now terrible. The savages had lapped their tongues in blood. Their fierce natures were roused by the terrible excitements of war. The whole frontier, extending three hundred and sixty miles, was exposed to their ravages. Horrible beyond all imagination were the scenes that ensued. Conflagration, murder, and torture became the amusement of prowling bands of savages. It became a matter of imperative policy to detach the Indians from French influence, and to curtail the French occupation, or altogether crush it out. For three years Washing-

ton devoted himself, day and night, to this humane yet arduous enterprise. He rapidly acquired fame and influence. His advice was listened to and heeded. By a bold march, in the stormy month of November, 1758, Fort Duquesne was wrested from the enemy, and the French power upon the Ohio ceased forever. Not long after this the Canadas surrendered to the heroism of Wolfe, and thus, after seven years of awful carnage and woe, the colonies enjoyed the blessings of peace.

11. Washington returned to beautiful Mount Vernon, rich in the gratitude and love which his heroism and self-sacrifice so abundantly merited. He was now twenty-six years of age. On the 6th of January, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady of great worth and beauty. She was the mother of two children by a former husband, a son of six years and a daughter of four. This union added to Washington's already considerable estate a property of one hundred thousand dollars. In the lovely retreat of Mount Vernon he enjoyed fifteen years of such happiness as is seldom experienced on earth. Days of calm, and cloudless skies, dawned and faded away upon the tranquil lawn. Washington was frugal, temperate, and methodical in the highest degree. Every hour had its own duty. He retired at nine o'clock at night, whether he had company or not, and rose at four in the

morning. Though strict in the enforcement of regular habits, he was kind to all the members of his household.

12. As these peaceful and happy years glided rapidly away, a tempest was gathering. The year 1775 arrived. Washington was forty-three years




of age. The haughty British ministry, denying to Americans the rights of British subjects, began systematically to oppress them. The Americans remonstrated. The British ministry spurned their remonstrances with scorn, and sent over disciplined armies to en-

force obedience. The Americans were too feeble to command respect. They met in Congress, raised an army, and unanimously chose George Washington commander-in-chief. A more perilous office man never accepted. Three millions of people, without resources, without military supplies, without forts, without ships, boldly took up arms to encounter the fleets and hosts of England, who held the resources of the world in her lap. It was David meeting Goliath. But Washington was the man for the occasion.

13. The plains of Lexington were already red with blood, and the conflict of Bunker's Hill sent its echoes through the world. To a friend in England Washington wrote: "The Americans will fight for their liberties and property. Unhappy it is, though, to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched in blood or to be inhabited by slaves." To the Congress that elected him he said: "I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not they will discharge. This is all I desire."

14. Early in July Washington arrived at Cambridge, to take command of the army besieging Boston. The ceremony of assuming the position of his office took place under the shadow of a majestic elm-tree, which stood for a hundred years, revered and immortalized by the deed which that day witnessed. He found in the vicinity of Boston about fifteen thousand American troops, almost totally destitute of all the necessary materials of war. With firmness, judgment, and energy which have never been surpassed, struggling against embarrassments and disappointments, he availed himself of every resource within his reach.

*Abbott.*

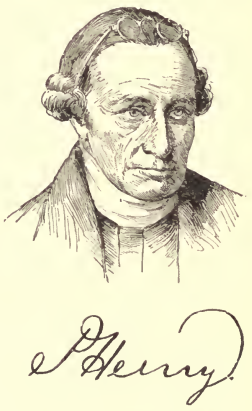
## XVIII.

## PATRICK HENRY.

1. At Hanover Court-House, nineteen miles from Richmond, Virginia, "the old tavern and the court-house are objects of much interest, from the circumstance that in the former Patrick Henry was a temporary bar-tender, and in the latter he made those first efforts at oratory which burst forth like meteors from the gloom of his obscurity. He had passed his youthful days in apparent

idleness, and, lacking business tact and energy, he failed in mercantile pursuits in which he was engaged. He became bankrupt, and no one was willing to aid him. He married at eighteen, and yet, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he had done little toward supporting a wife."

2. As a last resort, he studied law. He applied himself diligently for six weeks, when he obtained a license, but for nearly three years he was "briefless." At the age of twenty-seven he was employed in the celebrated parsons' case, and in Hanover Court-House, on that occasion, his genius was first developed. The case was a controversy between the clergy and the Legislature of the State relating to the pay claimed by the former. A decision of the court in favor of the clergy had left nothing undetermined but the amount of damages. Young Henry took part against the clergy, and in his plea his wonderful oratory beamed out, for the first time, in great splendor. Wirt has vividly described the scene: "The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most



learned men in the colony, and the most capable. The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without in the deepest attention.

3. "But there was something still more embarrassing than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyon opened the cause, and concluded with a highly wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak before, and curiosity was on tip-toe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his opening. The people hung their heads. The clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other, and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character.

4. "His attitude by degrees became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eye which seemed to rivet the spectator. His action became bold, graceful, and

commanding, and in the tones of his voice there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which no one can give an adequate description. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, 'he made their blood run cold and their hair rise on end.' They say that the people whose countenances had fallen as he rose had heard but a few sentences before they began to look up, then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their senses. Then, attracted by some strong gesture, or fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more.

5. "In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mocking of the clergy was soon turned into alarm, and, at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in terror. As for his father, tears of delight streamed down his cheeks without the power or inclination to repress them.

6. "The jury had scarcely left the bar when they returned a verdict of one penny damages. A motion for a new trial was made, but the court overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The

people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion from the moment of the closing of his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and, in spite of his own exertions and the continued cry of 'Order!' from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and, raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard in a kind of electioneering triumph."

## XIX.

## ISRAEL PUTNAM.

1. Israel Putnam, one of the bravest officers of the old French and Revolutionary Wars, was born in Salem village, on Massachusetts Bay, January 7, 1718. From earliest boyhood he was remarkable for his personal courage and as a lover of generous deeds. Like Nelson, he might have asked: "Fear! What is fear? I never saw it!" His frankness was as natural as it was free. He despised concealment and hated deception. His courage was often better than his judgment. On his first visit to Boston, while yet a small boy, he was jeered in the streets by a lad twice his age

and size, because of the coarse quality and rustic fashion of his clothes. Israel's indignation was kindled in a moment. He challenged his persecutor, and, in the presence of a cheering crowd, the chubby little "pumpkin" from the fields whipped the big boy to his heart's content.

2. Putnam, of whose personal courage and bravery many other stories have been told, entered upon his career as a soldier at the age of thirty-seven. The French War, undertaken to repel the invasion of the French upon the territory of the colonists, did much to unite in one spirit the American colonists, and to cultivate those soldierly qualities that prepared them for the greater struggle of the War of Independence.

*Israel Putnam*

"The spring buds soon opened into leaves and blossoms, and the colonial armies began to gather, preparatory to the arrival of General Abercrombie, who, with the young Lord Howe, led an army of seven thousand regulars, nine thousand provincials, and a heavy train of artillery, against Ticonderoga in July, 1758." Just before leaving Fort Edward, the commanding general sent Putnam, with sixty

picked men, to range in the vicinity of South Bay, near the head of Lake Champlain.

3. At about ten o'clock one evening, while the moon was bathing everything in its full light, a fleet of canoes, filled with French and Indians, approached. Putnam ordered perfect silence until he should give a signal to fire. Just as the enemy were in front of the ranges, a soldier hit his musket against a stone. The people in the canoes were startled, and the little vessels huddled together as if in consultation. The moment was favorable for the provincials, and Putnam and his men poured a deadly volley upon the frightened foe, entirely ignorant of the fact that they were provoking the ire of the famous French Molang and five hundred Canadians and Indians.

4. Molang soon discovered by the firing that the provincials were few, and, landing a part of his force, attempted to surround them. Putnam was vigilant, perceived his danger, and retreated in time to escape the snare. Just at dawn, while on a rapid march, his party was fired upon by mistake by provincial scouts, but with so little effect that Putnam declared to their leader that they all deserved to be hanged for not killing more when they had so fair a shot.

5. Abercrombie collected his army at the head of Lake George. The whole country from there

to Ticonderoga was covered with a dense forest. The wilderness was swarming with hostile Indians. The English and provincials pushed boldly forward, led by Lord Howe, who was accompanied by Major Putnam. Misled by incompetent guides, they had just passed the falls, where the village of Ticonderoga now stands, when a French picket five hundred strong fell upon the left of Abercrombie's force. "Putnam, what means that firing?" asked Lord Howe. "With your lordship's leave," he replied, "I will see." "And I will accompany you," said the nobleman.

6. Putnam tried to dissuade him. "If I am killed, my lord," he said, "the loss of my life will be of little consequence; but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army." Howe replied: "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go. Lead on!" At the head of one hundred men Putnam darted forward, and they soon met the enemy's advance. A bloody encounter ensued, and Lord Howe was killed at the first fire. Putnam's party were finally successful, and the army pressed forward toward the fortress. They were met at the outworks with terrible opposition, and, after a bloody conflict of four hours, Abercrombie fell back to Lake George.

7. A few days after his return to Fort Edward,

Major Putnam visited Fort Miller, on the west side of the Hudson. One pleasant afternoon he crossed over in a bateau to the eastern shore, where he was surprised by a large number of Indians, who suddenly appeared, some on land rushing to the bank, and others sweeping down the stream in their canoes. What should he do? He might stay and be sacrificed, or attempt to cross the river and be shot, or go down the roaring rapids a few rods below him. There was no time for deliberation. He chose the last course; and, to the great amazement of the savages, who dared not follow where a canoe had never yet ventured, his bateau shot down the foaming channels among the dangerous rocks, and he reached the smooth waters below in safety and escaped. The Indians after this regarded him as a special favorite of the Great Spirit.

8. Early in August Putnam and Rogers took post at South Bay, with five hundred men, to watch the movements of the enemy. It was soon perceived that Molang, with a large body of French and Indians, was stealthily traversing the forest to get in the rear of the provincials. The latter retreated toward Fort Edward. On the margin of Clear River, a little distance from Fort Ann, they fell into an Indian ambuscade. Put-

nam's division was a little in advance of the others, and received the first and most deadly onslaught of the savages. The fight soon became general and scattered. Man to man and hand to hand they fought, with terrible desperation. Putnam had laid several Indians on the forest-leaves, when, as he presented his fusee to the breast of a stalwart savage, it missed fire.

9. The Indian instantly sprang forward, seized the major, bound him tightly to a tree, and then resumed the conflict. Putnam's situation soon became extremely dangerous, for, as the combatants changed ground, he was placed between the fire of the two parties. Many bullets struck the tree; several went through his garments, but his person remained unhurt. For an hour the fight raged furiously around him, and then a young savage amused himself by throwing his tomahawk into the tree to which Putnam was tied, sometimes within an inch of the prisoner's head.

10. The French and Indians were finally repulsed, and on their return toward Lake Champlain they took Major Putnam with them. He was continually exposed to insults and cruelties, and his savage captors prepared to torture him to death in the depths of the forest. They tied him to a tree, piled fagots about him, commenced their wild songs and dances, and kindled the fatal fire.

Just then a thunder-peal burst over the forest, and a sudden shower put out the flames. For a moment the savages stood still in amazement. But soon the pyre again smoked and blazed. Hope died in the bosom of the hero as the fiery circle grew hotter; when suddenly a French officer dashed through the row of savages, hurled them right and left, scattered the blazing wood, and, cutting the thongs which bound Putnam to the tree, saved him from a horrible death. That deliverer was Molang. A tender-hearted Indian had informed him of the fray in the wilderness.

11. Molang was a brave and generous man, and admired the character of Putnam. He hastened to the rescue of a brave soldier, and severely rebuked the Indians for their cruelty. Under his protection the captive hero was sent to Ticonderoga, and then escorted to Montreal. He was in a miserable plight on his arrival. He had neither coat, vest, nor stockings; his remaining garments were tattered, his hair was matted with leaves and blood, and his person was disfigured by wounds. By the influence of Colonel Schuyler, he was afterward exchanged, and permitted to return to his family.

12. The spring of 1775 was exceedingly mild, and long before the close of March daffodils peeped from the brown earth, and bluebirds were singing

among the budding branches. Early in April the New England farmers were turning the furrows; and, on the memorable 19th, Putnam was preparing his fields for oats and Indian corn. On that morning the first thunder-peal of the tempest of the Revolution, awakened at Lexington and Concord, rolled over New England, and before noon the next day it fell upon the ear of the veteran while he was plowing in his field. The intelligence was brought by a swift messenger, who hastened onward from farm to farm, to spread the "Lexington alarm," and arouse the minute-men.

13. The brave colonel of the old war stopped not a moment to consider. He unyoked his cattle in the furrow, and said to the boy who had been driving them, "Run, run to the house for my coat!" He then hurried to his stable, saddled a fleet horse, and, without stopping to change his clothes, he mounted the horse and hastened toward Cambridge. He arrived there late at night, and the next morning he was present at a second council of war, at which General Artemas Ward presided, when a plan for a campaign was arranged.

14. During the winter of 1779 General Putnam performed a daring feat, which has ever been a popular theme for the story-teller and the poet. He was at the house of a friend at Horseneck, now West Greenwich, Connecticut, on a visit to

that outpost, and while standing before a looking-glass early in the morning shaving himself, he saw the reflection of a body of "red-coats" marching up the road from the westward. He dropped his razor, buckled on his sword, and, half shaved, mounted his horse and hastened to prepare his handful of men to oppose the approaching enemy. They were almost fifteen hundred strong. Putnam confronted them with his one hundred and fifty men, but, after the first fire, perceiving their overwhelming numbers, ordered a retreat.

15. It became a rout, and each sought safety in his own way in the adjacent swamps. The general put spurs to his horse and sped toward Stamford, closely pursued by the British dragoons. He came to a steep declivity, on the brow of which the road turned northward, and passed in a broad sweep around the hill. Putnam saw that his pursuers were gaining on him, and, with the daring of desperation, he left the road, wheeled his horse while on full gallop down the rocky height, making a zigzag course to the bottom, near where some stone steps had been laid up to the church on the height, gained the road, and escaped. The dragoons dared not follow his perilous track, but sent a volley of bullets after him, without effect. The declivity down which the old soldier rushed is still known as Putnam's Hill. *Abbott.*

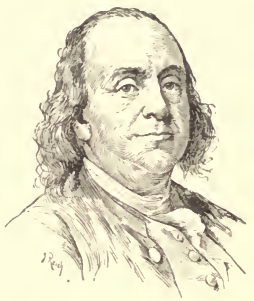
## XX.

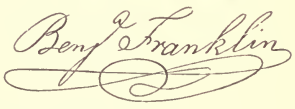
## THE YOUTH OF FRANKLIN.

1. In the history of our country no name is more honored and none deserves more honor than that of Benjamin Franklin. Wise and sagacious, he performed service for his country that was indispensable in the hour of her greatest need. His was one of the most prominent figures in the First Continental Congress, and he was one of the five placed upon the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence. Later, he was the diplomat that secured the assistance of France, and obtained for the United States a recognition among the nations of the earth. At the close of the war, the people instinctively turned to him for advice in regard to the terms of union between the States, and during the stormy debates of the Constitutional Convention his voice was for peace and conciliation; and when insurmountable difficulties seemed to arise, he always could suggest the way out. When he died, at a ripe old age, no name on earth was more honored or revered.

2. The greatness of Franklin was not an accident, but was achieved by a virtuous, industrious life devoted to study and to the general welfare of humanity. He inherited from his parents good

health and a genial disposition, but not wealth. The household into which he was born was in that happy condition where neither riches nor poverty were burdensome. Each day brought its own necessity of labor, but the rewards of the labor were sufficient for the day's necessities, and so there was never pinching want.






3. Franklin's father was a tallow-chandler, and his early years were spent chiefly in the shop, where he learned to dip candles and perform such other work as might devolve upon him. But, after he learned to read, he always carried a book with him, and, while strictly attending to his mechanical work, his thoughts were often far away from the dingy shop and the uninteresting work. At an early age, and from his own earnest solicitation, he was transferred from the chandler's shop to a printing-office, under the management of his elder brother.

4. Young Benjamin was mainly employed, while in his brother's office, in very humble duties; but he did not by any means confine himself to the menial services which were required of him

as the youngest apprentice. In fact, he actually commenced his career as an author while in this subordinate position. It seems that several gentlemen of Boston, friends of his brother, used to write occasional articles for a newspaper which he printed; and they would sometimes meet at the office to discuss the subjects of their articles, and the effects that they produced.

5. Benjamin determined to try his hand at this work. He accordingly wrote an article for the paper, and, after copying it carefully in disguised writing, he put it late one night under the door. His brother found it there in the morning, and on reading it was much pleased with it. He read it to his friends when they came in, Benjamin being at work all the time near by, at his printing-case, and enjoying very highly the remarks and comments which were made. He was particularly amused at the guesses that they offered in respect to the author, and his vanity was gratified at finding that the persons they named were all gentlemen of high character for ingenuity and learning.

6. The young author was so much encouraged by this attempt that he afterward sent in several other articles in the same way. At length he made it known that he was the author of the articles. All were much surprised, and in consequence of this discovery he was regarded with

much consideration by his brother's friends, but his brother did not appear to be much pleased. Benjamin was employed while in his brother's office, sometimes in setting types, then in working off the sheets at the press, and finally in carrying the papers around the town to deliver them to subscribers. This gave him an opportunity to acquire experience and information.

7. In the efforts which young Franklin made to improve his mind, he did not devote his time to mere reading, but applied himself vigorously to study. He was deficient, he thought, in a knowledge of figures, and so he procured an arithmetic, of his own accord, and went through it himself with very little or no assistance. Notwithstanding these advantages, however, Benjamin did not lead a very happy life. He found his brother a passionate man, and he was often used very roughly by him.

8. Finally, after the lapse of four or five years, young Benjamin determined to seek his fortunes in New York. The vessel upon which he took passage soon sailed, and in three days she reached New York, and Benjamin landed safely. He found himself, however, in a very forlorn condition. He had no letters of introduction, and very little money. He applied at a printing-office for employment, but was told by the proprietor,

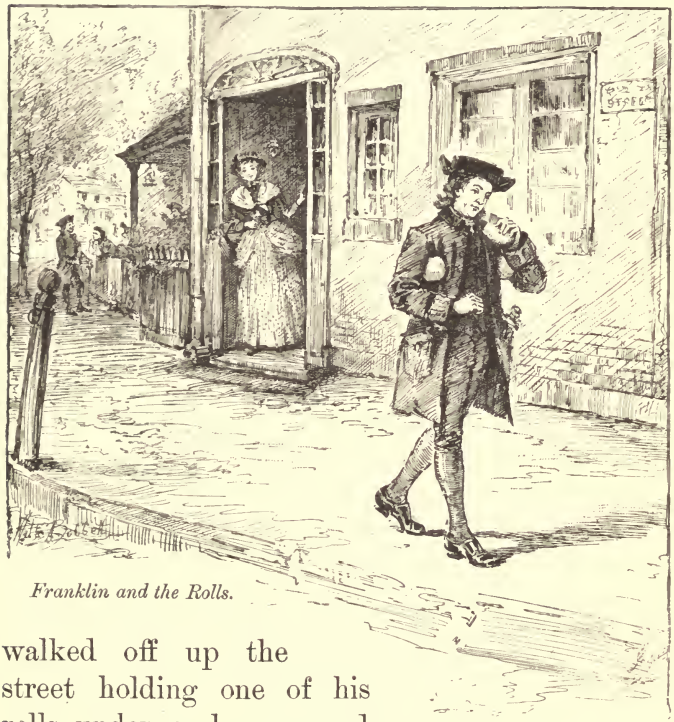
whose name was Bradford, that he had men enough, but that he had a son in Philadelphia who had lately lost one of his principal hands. So our young hero determined to go to that city.

9. On his journey he narrowly escaped shipwreck, but at length reached Amboy in safety, and thence he undertook to travel on foot through New Jersey to Burlington, a distance of fifty miles. It rained all that day, and the unhappy adventurer heartily repented of having ever left home. At length, after two days of weary traveling, he reached Burlington in time to find that the regular packet on the Delaware for Philadelphia had sailed. In his perplexity he went to the house of a woman from whom he had bought some gingerbread when he first came into town. She offered to care for him until the next packet should sail.

10. Our hero happened to be walking along the shore of the river when a small vessel came by on its way to Philadelphia, on which he took passage, and, as there was no wind, he assisted the men in rowing. When they arrived at the city Franklin paid the boatman a shilling for his passage. He then counted up his money, and found that it amounted to just one dollar.

11. The first thing he did was to go to a baker's to buy something to eat. He asked for threepence worth of bread. The baker gave him three

good-sized rolls for that money. His pockets were full of clothes and other things, and so he



*Franklin and the Rolls.*

walked off up the street holding one of his rolls under each arm and eating the third. It is a singular circumstance that, while he was walking through the streets in this way, he passed by the house where the young woman resided who was destined to become his wife, and that she actually saw him as he

passed, and took particular notice of the ridiculous appearance he made.

12. It happened that, among the passengers that had come down the river on board the vessel, there was a poor woman, who was traveling with her child, a boy of six or eight years of age. When Franklin came down to the wharf he found this woman sitting there with her child, both looking quite weary and forlorn; and as he had already satisfied his hunger with eating one of the rolls, he gave the other two to them.

13. It was in the fall of the year 1723 that Franklin came thus to Philadelphia. During the winter he worked industriously at his trade, and spent his leisure time in reading and study. He laid up the money that he earned, instead of squandering it, as young men often do, in foolish indulgences. He formed many useful acquaintances among the industrious and steady young men in the town. He thus lived a contented life, and forgot Boston, as he said, as much as he could.

## XXI.

## JOHN PAUL JONES.

1. The firing of the cannon at Lexington and Bunker Hill, which brought the oppressed colonists the unwelcome fact of desolating war, was also a signal to bad men to use the opportunity of war to carry out their worst purposes. These men fitted out vessels called privateers with which they annoyed the settlements along the coasts, and plundered and robbed defenseless people. They also sailed upon the high seas, and seized many a ship laden with merchants' goods bound for American ports. As a defense against these depredations, Congress found it necessary, in 1775, to organize a navy. Accordingly, an order was issued to construct and equip six vessels for cruising off the coasts of the Eastern colonies.

2. Among the commanders commissioned at the same time was John Paul Jones, a little wiry Scotchman, not more than twenty years of age. He was slight in physical stature, with a thoughtful expression, and dark, piercing eyes. All the greatness of a true hero slumbered in his brain, his heart, and his sinews; and it only needed the electric spark of opportunity to awaken it to full development. That spark was not long withheld;

and when the War for Independence had closed, he had fought twenty-three battles on the sea; made descents upon Great Britain or her colonies; snatched from her navy, by conquest, four large ships; compelled her to fortify her home ports, and to desist from cruel burnings in America, and from torturing American seamen in prisons and on prison-ships.

3. Among his many engagements and triumphs at sea, none, perhaps, is more interesting and exciting than that which occurred near Leith, on the coast of Scotland, in 1778. Here he encountered a merchant-fleet from the Baltic, convoyed by the Serapis, mounting forty guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty-four guns. The Scotch people knew Jones, and his approach filled them with terror. Late in the afternoon of the 16th of September, his little squadron of four vessels was distinctly seen from Edinburgh Castle.

PAUL JONES

4. The people believed that he was coming to

plunder and destroy; and, at their earnest solicitation, the minister of the town, an eccentric, and not always a very reverential man, led his flock to the beach, and, kneeling down, prayed for deliverance: "Now, deer Laird," he said, "dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this rude piret to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they're poor enow already, and hae naithing to spare?" While the minister was praying, the white caps began to dot the Frith. A heavy gale swept over the waters, and Jones was compelled to put to sea. The good people of Kirkcaldy always regarded that timely gale as an answer to the prayer of Mr. Shirra.

5. But the providence that protected the people of Leith and the neighborhood did not shield the convoy of the Baltic fleet from Jones's wrath less than a week afterward. His squadron now consisted of his own vessel, the Bon Homme Richard, the Pallas, the Vengeance, and the Alliance, which was commanded by Landais, who was disposed to be disobedient. Jones pressed sail on the Richard and made chase, followed by the Pallas and Vengeance. Slowly the Richard and Serapis approached each other. Up went the red ensign of the British navy, and was nailed to the flagstaff of the Serapis.

6. Sluggishly in the gentle breeze fluttered

the Stars and Stripes over the Richard, as she rounded to, her antagonist within pistol-shot distance. The Serapis displayed two complete batteries, and a well-armed spar-deck, all lighted and cleared for action. The Richard displayed her heavy guns at the same time, when the English commander hailed, "What ship is that?" Jones hurled an eighteen-pound shot in reply, that went crashing through a port of the Serapis and splintered a gun-carriage. The tempest-cloud was now riven, and the lightning and thunder of two heavy broadsides flashed and boomed over the waters. Thus began one of the most terrible sea-fights recorded in history.

7. The Richard had a gun-room battery on her lower deck which had served faithfully for thirty years. At the first discharge, two of the guns were burst killing almost every man in the gun-room. The firing was incessant, and each ship tried to gain an advantage over the other. Their spars and rigging became entangled. The great guns of the combatants were now almost useless, and Jones at the head of his Americans attempted to board the enemy. After a sharp and close contest he was repulsed, and Captain Pearson of the Serapis, who could not see the American flag in the midst of the smoke, cried out, "Has your ship struck?"

Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

8. It was now half-past eight in the evening, and the conflict had raged for an hour. It grew more furious, and from deck to deck of the entangled vessels the combatants rushed madly, fighting like demons. The Richard and her crew suffered terribly, yet they fought on. She had been pierced by several eighteen-pound balls below water, and leaked badly.

9. A new enemy now appeared. When the Richard gave chase to the Serapis, Landais placed the Alliance at a safe distance and looked calmly on the unequal contest. When it had raged for two hours, he ran toward the grappled ships, fired a broadside into the Richard's quarter, and killed several of her men. It was the right ship for him. He had made no mistake, but was practicing foulest villainy—blackest treason. He hoped to kill Jones, make an easy prize of the Serapis, and gain all the honors of a great victory.

10. The courage of Jones quailed not in that dreadful hour, nor were his wonderful efforts slackened. Soon the commander of the Alliance was badly wounded and his men were scattered. Jones took his place. The marines in the tops of the Richard soon killed or dispersed those of the enemy, and they cast hand-grenades with such

energy and success, that the Serapis was set on fire in a dozen places at the same time.

11. In the midst of the appalling scene, when both ships were on fire, the wounded carpenter of the Richard said she must sink. The frightened gunner ran aft to pull down the American flag, but a round shot had carried away the ensign-yard an hour before. Then the gunner cried: "Quarter! for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!" He continued his cries until Jones silenced him by hurling a discharged pistol at his head, which sent him headlong down the hatchway.

12. "Do you call for quarter?" shouted Captain Pearson to Jones. "Never!" responded the lion-hearted commodore. "Then I'll give none!" replied Pearson, and immediately sent a party to board the Richard. They were met at the rail by Jones, with pike in hand, and, supposing he had many at his back, the enemy retreated. At that moment there was a sound of many feet rushing to the upper deck of the Richard. The master-at-arms had released all the prisoners on board. One of them had escaped to the Serapis and informed the commander of the utterly crippled condition of the Richard. Encouraged by this information, Pearson renewed the battle with increased vigor.

13. The situation of Jones was now extremely critical. His ship was sinking, his heavy guns were all silenced, except where he was fighting; some of his officers were determined on surrendering; others were crying for quarter; and a large number of prisoners were free to do as they pleased. Nothing ever appeared more hopeless than his prospect of success. But he had resources in himself, at such an hour, possessed by few men. He saw the affright of the prisoners at the idea of sinking, and ordered them to the pumps to save their lives. As he expected, the first law of nature overcame their desire for liberty and duty to the king.

14. Suddenly, now, the flames began to creep up the rigging of the Serapis, and in their glare, and the full light of the moon, Jones saw that her mainmast had been hewed almost asunder by his double-headed shots. He immediately renewed the assault at that point, and the tall mast reeled. Captain Pearson perceived his danger, and, lacking the courage and obstinacy of Jones in the moment of great peril, he struck his flag, and surrendered to his really weaker foe.

15. "It is painful," he said, in a surly manner to Jones, "to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a halter round his neck." Jones preserved his temper, and courteously replied, as

he returned the weapon: "Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

16. Even so it happened, for knighthood awaited Captain Pearson at the hands of King

George III, because of his bravery on this occasion. It is said that when Jones was told of the honor conferred upon his antagonist, he remarked: "Well, he deserves it; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him!"

*Harper's Magazine.*

## XXII.

## THE AWAKENING.

1. When the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill spread through the country, the people were wild with excitement, and immediate preparations were made for war. Old muskets and swords were brought out and repaired, and blacksmiths everywhere were engaged in making new ones. In every household the wheel and loom were busy in spinning and weaving cloth for clothing and blankets, and the whole country seemed about to turn into one vast camp.

2. But the people were divided. While a great majority supported the patriot cause, a large and influential class still clung to the king. The royalists were called Tories, and they called the patriots rebels and traitors. In some communities the feeling ran so high that there was danger of civil war; but in general the Tories were so few in number that they kept very quiet, except when protected by a British army. The proprietors of large landed estates, which had been derived directly from the king, were usually Tories, and frequently they strove with might and main to stem the rising tide of patriotism.

3. The poet, Buchanan Read, has given a vivid

picture of these times. He represents a country scene, upon a beautiful spring morning. The people had all assembled at the sound of the bell. In his great square pew, in the center of the church, was Berkeley, the lord of the manor, and his family, and in humbler places sat the farmers and mechanics with their wives and little ones. While all seemed to respect the sacredness of the place and the day, there was a frown upon the brow of Berkeley, and significant smiles upon the faces of his neighbors.

Then, the poet says—

4. The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text—a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

5. Even as he spoke, his frame renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes,
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

6. A moment there was awful pause,
When Berkeley cried; "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted: "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

7. And now before the open door—
The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel o'er and o'er.
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty Death must wake and hear;

And then the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! war! war!"

8. "Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from his desk he came—
"Come out with me in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

## XXIII.

## GENERAL MARION.

1. General Francis Marion, born in South Carolina in the same year that gave birth to George Washington, was distinguished as one of the leading officers of the War of Independence. His success in the campaign of South Carolina, where

rivers and swamps abounded, brought him the title of "Swamp-Fox." When he was encamped at Snow's Island in 1780, he received a flag of truce brought by the hands of a young British officer who came blindfolded.

2. Having heard great talk about General Marion, he fancied him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara, or Cornwallis himself. But what was his surprise, when, led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarce enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness; and, in place of tall ranks of gayly-dressed soldiers, a handful of sunburned, yellow-legged militia-men—some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder-horns lying by them on the logs! Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it, and soon settled everything to his satisfaction.

3. The officer took up his hat to retire. "Oh, no," said Marion, "it is now about our time of dining, and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner." At mention of the word "dinner," the British officer looked around him; but, to his mortification, he could see no sign of a pot or pan, or any other cooking-utensil. "Well, Tom," said the general to one of his

men, "come, give us our dinner." The feast to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet-potatoes, that were snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his stick-poker, soon released from their ashy confinement, pinching them every now and then with his fingers to see whether they were well done.

4. "I fear, sir," said the general, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish, but it is the best we have." The officer, who was a well-bred man, took up one of the potatoes and began to eat, as if he had found a great dainty. Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked surprised. "I beg pardon, general," said he, "but one can not, you know, always command himself." "I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to your style of living." "No, indeed," quoth the officer, "and I imagine this is one of your accidental Lent dinners. In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better."

5. "Rather worse," answered the general, "for

often we don't get even enough of this." "Heavens!" rejoined the officer, "but probably, stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay?" "Not a cent, sir," said Marion—"not a cent." Heavens and earth! Then you must be in a bad box," continued the officer. "I don't see, general, how you can stand it." "Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile, "these things depend on feeling." The Englishman said he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on General Marion's terms. "Why, sir," answered the general, "the heart is all, and, when that is much interested, a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to make himself a slave for fourteen years. But let him be head and ears over in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now, this is exactly my case. I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty."

6. The officer replied that, both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly count this as a happy state of things. "Happy!" quoth Marion; "yes, happy indeed; and I had rather fight for such blessings for my country and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon. For, now, sir, I walk the soil that

gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. The children of future generations may never hear my name, but it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom and all its countless blessings."

7. When he returned to Georgetown, the officer was asked by Colonel Watson why he looked so serious. "I have cause, sir," said he, "to look serious." "What, has General Marion refused to treat?" "No, sir," said the officer. "Well, then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broken up our army?" "No, sir, not that neither, but worse." "Ah! what can be worse?" continued the colonel. "Why, sir," said the officer, "I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water, and all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?" It is said Colonel Watson was not much obliged to him for this speech. But the young officer was so much struck with Marion's sentiments that he never rested until he threw up his commission and retired from the service.

*Weems.*

## XXIV.

## WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

1. The crossing of the Delaware on the night of December 24, 1776, and the following victories at Trenton and Princeton, are among the most important events of the Revolutionary War. A cloud of gloom rested upon the country, and a want of confidence made it difficult to raise money to maintain military operations. These victories gave the country new heart, and established its confidence in Washington as a great leader. General Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces, remained in New York, committing the conduct of the campaign in New Jersey to Lord Cornwallis. This military commander extended his long and weak line to the Delaware, hoping ultimately to take Philadelphia. Washington's masterly movement across the river, his success at Trenton and Princeton, and his withdrawal toward Monmouth instead of Philadelphia, entirely disconcerted the plans of the enemy.

2. Christmas-night was selected by Washington for the execution of the enterprise. He well knew the German habit of celebrating that day with feasting and drinking, and reasoned wisely on the probability of a large portion of the Hes-

*Washington Crossing the Delaware.*

sian troops, that were stationed by the British at Trenton, being half disabled by intemperate indulgence. The division with which Washington was to cross the Delaware consisted of twenty four hundred men, with twenty pieces of artil lery. The weather was cold. The river was full of floating ice, and it was doubtful whether a crossing could be effected. Washington superintended the whole in person, and it was four o'clock in the morning when the entire army, with its artillery, had made its tedious and perilous way through the icy waters, and stood upon the eastern shore in a bitter wind, and under a storm of hail and snow.

3. As the day broke, a countryman came out to chop wood for his fire, and some one of the staff who rode with General Washington at the head of the troops inquired where the picket lay. "I don't know, I'm sure," said the fellow, who had no idea of getting himself into trouble. "You need not be afraid to tell," said the aide; "this is General Washington." "God bless and prosper you, sir," said the farmer; "there they are, and just by the tree stands the sentry." They moved on at a quicker pace. In another moment all was confusion.

4. Washington had separated his troops into three divisions. Each encountered the outguards

at the same time, and a brisk skirmish ensued. The Hessian drums beat to arms, and in a few moments the disordered ranks were marshaled into battle order by the brave Colonel Rall. The Americans were pressing closer and closer, and with deadly aim were thinning the Hessian ranks. At length a bullet mortally wounded Colonel Rall, and he fell from his horse pale and bleeding. The victory of the Americans was complete. They lost in the engagement only two privates killed, and two others frozen to death. The enemy lost six officers, and between twenty and thirty men killed. About nine hundred non-commissioned officers and privates were made prisoners. The trophies were six brass field-pieces, a thousand stand of arms, twelve drums, and four colors.

5. The British retreated to Princeton, and Washington withdrew and entered Philadelphia with triumphal greetings. On the 2d of January, 1777, having again crossed the Delaware, his guns were planted on the banks of the Assunpink, a small stream that empties into the river below Trenton. "Now is your time to make sure of Washington," said one of the British officers to Lord Cornwallis. "The old fox can't escape this time," said Cornwallis, "for the Delaware is frozen and we have him completely in our power. To-morrow morning we will fall upon him, and take

him and his ragamuffins all at once." "If Washington be the soldier I think him," replied the officer, "you'll not see him to-morrow morning."

6. And so the event proved; for Washington, after setting the night-watch, and kindling a row of fires along the bank of the creek, withdrew his army so quietly that his departure was not suspected. And when, in the morning, they were asking "Where can Washington be gone?" the booming of the cannon was heard in the direction of Princeton. Then came the battle of Princeton, the fall of General Mercer, and another victory for our arms.

## XXV.

## ETHAN ALLEN AND TICONDEROGA.

1. The fortress of Ticonderoga, near the outlet of Lake George, had long since been established by the French, and formed one of the keys to all communication between New York and Canada. It had surrendered to the English forces in 1758. Soon after the battle of Lexington, in 1775, the Provincial Assembly of Connecticut appointed Edward Mott and Noah Phelps to examine the condition and strength of this fort, and,

if they found it expedient, to raise men and try to capture it. They proceeded to Bennington, Vermont.

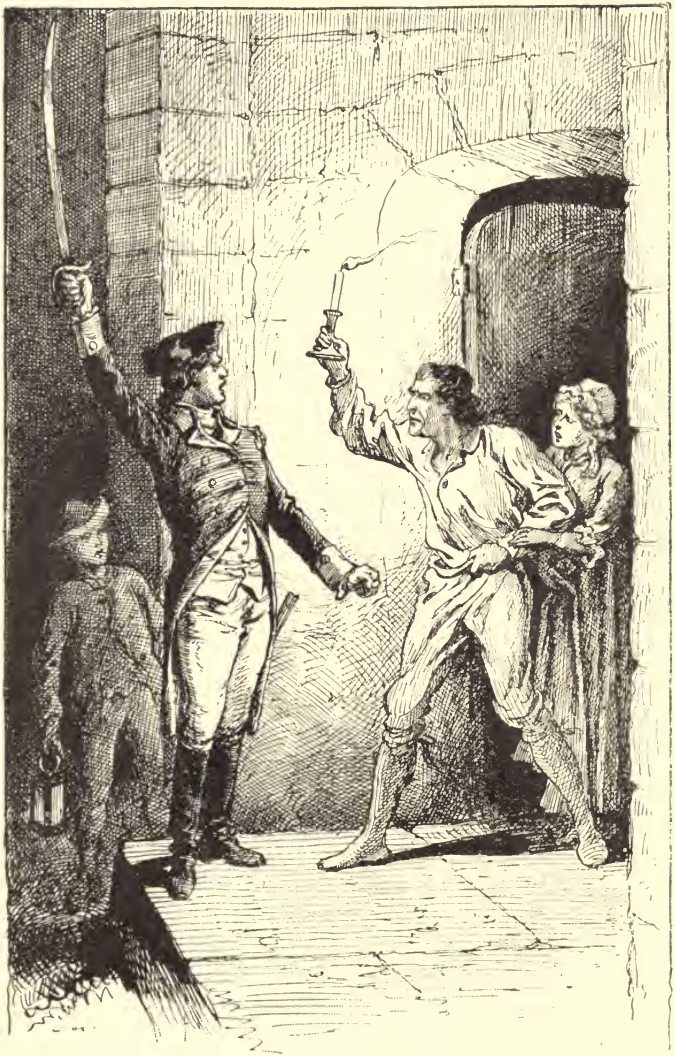
2. Here they found Colonel Ethan Allen, a man of strong mind, vigorous frame, upright in all his ways, fearless in the discharge of his duty, and a zealous patriot. He joined their expedition with his Green Mountain Boys, and the whole party, two hundred and seventy men, reached Castleton at dusk, on May 7th. Here they were met by Benedict Arnold, who came with a commission from the Committee of Safety authorizing him to command the expedition against Ticonderoga. This was objected to, and the soldiers who were attached to Allen declared that they would shoulder their muskets and march home rather than serve under any other leader. Arnold made a virtue of necessity, and united himself to the expedition as a volunteer.

Ethan Allen

3. Allen marched to the shore of the lake op-

posite Ticonderoga during the night. He applied to a farmer named Burren for a guide, who offered his son Nathan, a lad who passed a good deal of his time within the fort with the boys of the garrison, and was well acquainted with every secret way that led to or within the fortress. The day began to dawn, and only the officers and eighty-three men had crossed the lake. Delay was hazardous, for the garrison, if aroused, would make stout resistance. Allen, therefore, resolved not to wait for the rear division to cross, but to attack the fort at once. Then placing himself at the head of his men, with Arnold by his side, they march quickly but stealthily up the height to the sally-port.

4. The sentinel snapped his fusee at the commander, but it missed fire, and he retreated within the fort under a covered way. The Americans followed close upon his heels, and were guided by the alarmed fugitive directly to the parade within the barracks. All the troops rushed into the parade under the covered way, they gave a tremendous shout, and filing into two divisions, formed a line of forty men each along the southwestern and northwestern range of barracks. The aroused garrison leaped from their pallets, seized their arms, and rushed for the parade, but only to be made prisoners by the bold New-Englanders. At the same



moment Allen, with young Burren at his elbow as guide, ascended the steps to the door of the quarters of Captain Delaplace, the commandant of the garrison, and, giving three raps with the hilt of his sword, with a voice of peculiar power ordered him to appear, or the whole garrison would be sacrificed.

5. It was about four o'clock in the morning. The loud shout of the invaders had awakened the captain and his wife, both of whom sprang to the door just as Allen made his strange demand. Delaplace appeared in shirt and drawers, with the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder. He and Allen had been old friends, and, upon recognition, the captain assumed boldness, and authoritatively demanded his disturber's errand. Allen pointed to his men, and sternly exclaimed, "I order you instantly to surrender!" "By what authority do *you* demand it?" said Delaplace. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" thundered Allen, and, raising his sword over the head of the captain, ordered him to be silent and surrender immediately.

6. There was no alternative. Delaplace had about as much respect for the "Continental Congress" as Allen had for "Britons," and they respectively relied upon and feared powder and

ball more than either. In fact, the Continental Congress was but a shadow, for it did not meet for organization until six hours afterward, and its "authority" was yet scarcely acknowledged even by the patriots in the field. But Delaplace ordered his troops to parade without arms, the garrison of forty-eight men were surrendered prisoners of war, and with the women and children were sent to Hartford in Connecticut.

7. The spoils were one hundred and twenty pieces of iron cannon, fifty swivels, two ten-inch mortars, one howitzer, one cohorn, ten tons of musket-balls, three cart-loads of flints, thirty new carriages, a considerable quantity of shells, a warehouse full of material for boat-building, one hundred stand of small-arms, ten casks of poor powder, two brass cannon, thirty barrels of flour, eighteen barrels of pork, and some beans and peas.

*Lossing.*

## XXVI.

## VALLEY FORGE.

1. Soon after the surrender of Burgoyne, in October, 1777, the winter set in with uncommon severity, and all active military operations were

postponed until spring. Washington with his main army was in the vicinity of Philadelphia, watching the movements of Lord Howe, and ready to oppose raids into the country, or to attack the city, should such a step seem advisable. But the summer camp must be abandoned. The thin shelter-tents were no protection from the pitiless cold of bleak December. Some winter-quarters must be sought—not so near the city as to perpetually invite an attack, and not so far away as to leave the enemy free from care and anxiety. The place finally chosen was Valley Forge, fourteen miles southwest of Philadelphia, within easy distance of the routes which the British must take should they try to return to New York.

2. But there were no houses at Valley Forge, and some means of shelter must be provided. It was about the middle of December when Washington gave the order to prepare the winter village for the army. The men were divided into parties of twelve, each party to build a hut for its own accommodation. The huts were fourteen by sixteen feet, with walls six and a half feet high. They were built of logs lined with clay. A rude chimney was attached to each hut. The officers' quarters were similar to those of the men, but a little larger.

3. While the men were at work the weather

turned bitterly cold, and the suffering among them was intense. They were poorly dressed, and there

*Valley Forge.*

was no way within the power of Washington or of Congress to provide them with new clothing.

4. Here is a description of one of these soldiers, from an eye-witness: "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes nearly naked, from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches hanging in strings; his face wan and thin; his look hungry; his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." The officers were scarce-

ly better off. The uniforms were torn and ragged; the guns were rusty—a few only had bayonets. No pay came from the Government, and many times during the winter the army were on the very verge of starvation.

5. That men were kept together during the terrible winter reflects the highest credit upon Washington, both for the fertility of his resources and for the combined firmness and sympathy which he displayed, winning the entire respect and confidence of the men. His feelings are well shown in the following extract from one of his letters to Congress:

6. "No order of men in the thirteen States has paid a more sacred regard to the proceedings of Congress than the army; for, without arrogance, or the smallest deviation from truth, it may be said that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men without clothes to cover them, without blankets to lie on, without shoes, for the want of which their marches may be traced by the blood from their feet, and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through the frost and the snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter-quarters within a day's march of the enemy, with-

out a house or hut to cover them till they could be built, and submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience which, in my opinion, can scarcely be paralleled."

7. The horses died of starvation, and the men harnessed themselves to trucks and sleds, hauling wood and provisions from storehouse to hut. At one time there was not a ration in camp. Then the strong hand of Washington was felt, and the soldiers saw that their confidence had not been misplaced. He issued his orders, and compelled the people of the country about to bring their stores of provisions to Valley Forge, that they had been wont to sell to the British at Philadelphia.

8. At one time, when the provisions were all out, and the men nearly starved, a mutiny broke out, several regiments refusing to obey orders until they were paid. General Wayne was in the immediate command, and no man in the army save Washington was more respected. But in vain did "Mad Anthony," as Wayne was called by his men, expostulate and command. In the ardor of his harangue he drew a pistol to menace the mutineers. In an instant a hundred muskets were leveled at his head, and one of the leaders cried out: "General, we love and respect you, but if you fire you are a dead man. Do not think we are

about to desert! Should the enemy appear, you will see that we will fight as usual; but we must have our pay, so that we may not starve, and may have clothes to cover our nakedness." The troops remained under arms for several hours, but at length Washington succeeded in inducing them to return to their obedience.

9. About the first of March, when the greater part of the winter had passed, Baron Steuben, a trained Prussian officer, joined the army as a volunteer. He was at once made inspector of the armies, and speedily the whole camp was turned into a military school, and the patriot farmers and artisans who had taken their lives in their hands in defense of their country were soon converted into an efficient and well-drilled soldiery. But while we are enjoying all the comforts of life under our Government, we should remember the terrible winter at Valley Forge and its suffering as one of the incidents which made our nation possible. All honor to Washington and to his brave, patient, suffering men!

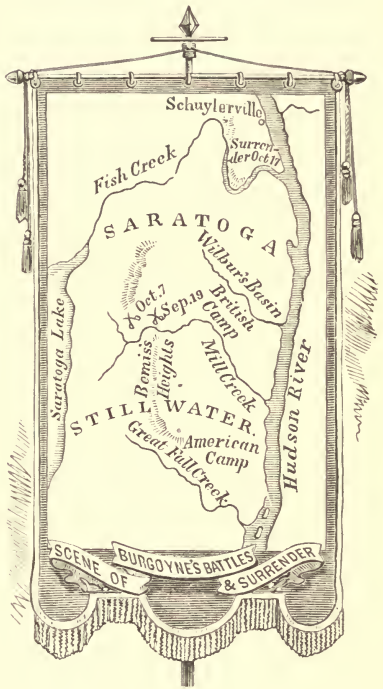
## XXVII.

## BURGOYNE AND SARATOGA.

1. Among the most important events of the War of the Revolution were the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga. By consulting the map, it is easy to point out the localities of these battles. In all the movements of the two armies it was necessary to keep close to the lines of water communication, as in those days a railroad was not thought of. Hence the Hudson River, reaching from near the head of Lake Champlain to the city of New York, was an important means of communication for the carrying of troops and army supplies. In these battles, General Burgoyne, commanding the British army, was nearly surrounded by the Americans, who had cut off his retreat to the north, and his advance to Albany on the south.

2. The battle of Stillwater was fought on the 19th of September, 1777. The British army numbered about five thousand, and that of the Americans about seven thousand. The American army was commanded by General Gates; and with him fought Benedict Arnold, who afterward became a miserable traitor to the American cause. This was one of the fiercest and most obstinate battles

of the war. Some of the Americans climbed tall trees, and from these concealed perches, with skillful aim, picked off the British officers one by one. And it is but just to say that, to the prompt action and bravery of General Arnold, the success of the Americans was in great measure due. It is said that Gates was jealous of Arnold's well-earned reputation and growing popularity with the army.




3. On the 7th of October the second battle of Stillwater was fought, and in this engagement the brave English officer, General Fraser, fell. Had General Burgoyne been aware of the condition of the American army after the first battle, he might easily have won a victory. There were not forty rounds of cartridges for each man, and not more than three

days' provisions. But on the 20th of September supplies arrived, and on the 29th two thousand New England troops joined the main army. This second conflict was terrible indeed, "and in the midst of the flame, and smoke, and metal hail, Arnold was conspicuous"; but his horse was killed under him, and he himself was severely wounded in the same leg which had been badly lacerated by a musket-ball at the storming of Quebec two years before.

4. General Burgoyne was compelled to make a hasty retreat toward Saratoga. Here, finding himself completely surrounded, he was constantly exposed to the fire of cannon and musketry of the Americans. There was not a place of safety for the sick, wounded, and dying, or for the women and children of the officers and soldiers. There was no secure place for a council. "None dared go to the river for water, and thirst began to distress the camp." The Indians and Canadians began to desert him. There was not bread for three days in store, and supplies were cut off, and the last ray of hope had faded away.

5. On the morning of the 13th, Burgoyne called a general council of all officers, including captains of companies. Their deliberations were held in a large tent, which was several times perforated by musket-balls from the Americans.

Several grape-shot struck near the tent, and an eighteen-pound cannon-ball swept across the table at which sat Burgoyne and the other generals. Their deliberations were short, as might be expected, and it was unanimously resolved to open a treaty with General Gates for an honorable surrender. It was a bitter pill for the proud lieutenant-general, but there was no alternative. The surrender was formally made on the morning of the 17th.

6. As soon as the troops had laid down their arms, General Burgoyne proposed to be introduced to General Gates. The latter was informed of the approach of Burgoyne, and with his staff met him at the head of his camp about a mile south of Fish Creek, Burgoyne in a rich uniform of scarlet and gold, and Gates in a plain blue frock-coat. When within a sword's length, they reined up and halted. Colonel Wilkinson then named the gentlemen, and General Burgoyne, raising his hat gracefully, said, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The victor promptly replied, "I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency." The other officers were introduced in turn, and the whole party repaired to Gates's headquarters, where a sumptuous dinner was served.

7. After dinner the American army was drawn up in parallel lines on each side of the road, extending nearly a mile. Between these victorious troops the British army, with light-infantry in front, and escorted by a company of light dragoons, preceded by two officers bearing the American flag, marched to the lively tune of "Yankee Doodle." Just as they passed, the two commanding generals came out together, and, fronting the procession, gazed upon it in silence for a few moments. What a contrast, in every particular, did the two present!

8. Burgoyne had a large and commanding person; Gates was smaller, and far less dignified in appearance. Burgoyne was the victim of disappointed hopes and foiled ambition, and looked upon the scene with sorrow; Gates was buoyant with the first flush of a great victory. Without exchanging a word, Burgoyne stepped back, drew his sword, and, in the presence of the two armies, presented it to General Gates. He received it with a courteous inclination of the head, and instantly returned it to the vanquished general. They then retired together, the British army filed off, and took up their line of march for Boston, and thus ended the drama upon the heights of Saratoga.

## XXVIII.

## THE BARONESS RIEDESEL.

1. Many of the officers of General Burgoyne's army were accompanied during the campaign by their wives and children. Among the ladies of the camp were Lady Ackland and the Baroness Riedesel, whose experiences, after the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne, have been graphically described by Baroness Riedesel herself. "On the 7th of October," she says, "our misfortunes began. I was at breakfast with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day I expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Fraser to dine with us.

2. "I saw a great movement among the troops. My husband told me it was merely a reconnaissance, which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out of the house and met several Indians, in their war-dresses, with guns in their hands. About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom I expected, General Fraser was brought on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded general. I sat trembling in the corner. The noise grew louder. The thought that my

husband might, perhaps, be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me. I did not know which way to turn. All the rooms were full of sick. Toward evening I saw my husband coming home. Then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me. He took me aside and said that everything was going badly, and that I must keep myself in readiness to leave the place, but not to mention it to any one.

3. "About eight o'clock in the morning General Fraser died. At six o'clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw all the generals attend it to the mountain. The chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, performed the funeral service, accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery. Many cannon-balls flew close by me, and I had my eyes directed toward the mountain where my husband was standing amid the fire of the enemy, and, of course, I could not think of my own danger.

4. "About two o'clock in the afternoon we again heard a firing of cannon and small-arms; instantly all was alarm, and everything in motion. My husband told me to go to a house not far off; but scarcely had we reached it before I discovered five or six armed men on the other side of the Hudson. Instinctively I threw my children down in the calash, and then concealed myself with them. At this moment the fellows fired, and wounded an

already wounded English soldier, who was behind me. Poor fellow! I pitied him exceedingly, but at this moment had no power to relieve him.

5. "A terrible cannonade was commenced by the Americans against the house in which I sought to obtain shelter for myself and children, under the mistaken idea that all the generals were in it. Alas! it contained none but wounded and women. We were obliged, at last, to resort to the cellar for refuge, and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth with their heads in my lap. In this situation I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot which carried away the other.

6. "My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed now agonized me exceedingly, and the thoughts of my children alone sustained me. In this horrid situation we remained six days. A cessation of hostilities was now spoken of, and afterward took place. My husband sent a message to me to come over to him with my children. I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on I observed—and this was a great consola-

tion to me—that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but they all greeted us, and even showed compassion in their countenances at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me.

7. "When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. 'You tremble,' said he, addressing himself to me; 'be not afraid.' 'No,' I answered, 'you seem so kind and tender to my children it inspires me with courage.' He now led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips. All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The same gentleman who received me so kindly now came and said to me: 'You will be embarrassed to eat with these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free-will.' I said, 'You are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness.' I now found that he was General Schuyler."

## XXIX.

## ARNOLD AND ANDRÉ.

1. In 1780 Benedict Arnold, who had in many instances during the war proved himself a brave soldier, though his character in other respects had not been spotless, had charge of the important fortress at West Point and other posts commanding the Highlands. On these depended the communications between the different portions of the army, as well as with the country northward, from which supplies were to be drawn for its use. Arnold's capacity as a soldier could not be doubted, and no one had dreamed that the faults of his private character were such as would be likely to interfere with his duty as a military commander. Love of money and selfishness were his great faults, and they were particularly odious at a time when so many men were periling all in the service of their country.

*B. Arnold*

2. Arnold had been brought to trial for some breach of trust, while in command at Philadelphia,

after General Howe's evacuation, and the disgrace he then suffered probably rankled in his mind. It is now known that he had been fifteen months in correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, of the British army, with a view of betraying his country; and that he had sought the command at West Point and its dependencies for the very purpose of doing this in the most effectual manner. General Washington had gone to Hartford, to confer with the Count de Rochambeau, who had just arrived from France with troops for the service of the United States. General Greene was left in command during Washington's absence. This was judged a favorable opportunity for putting into operation the treacherous scheme which had been so long plotting.

3. Arnold had arranged with Sir Henry Clinton that the agent of this plot should be Major André, adjutant-general of the British army. André did not seek the service, though, when engaged in it, he used his best endeavors, as in duty bound, to carry out its objects. André came up the river in the sloop-of-war Vulture, as far as Haverstraw Bay, and, by appointment with Arnold, landed on the west side of the river, where the traitor awaited him. Arnold had engaged a citizen, by the name of Joshua Smith, to conduct André to the thick bushes in which he was con-

cealed. "There they were left alone, and for the first time the conspirators heard each other's voice; for the first time Arnold's lips uttered audibly the words of treason. There, in the gloom of night, hidden from all human eyes, they discussed their dark plans, and plotted the utter ruin of the patriot cause. The hour of dawn approached, and the conference was yet in progress. Smith came, and warned them of the necessity for haste. There was much yet to do, and André reluctantly consented to mount the horse ridden by Arnold's servant, and accompany the general to Smith's house, nearly four miles distant. It was yet dark, and the voice of a sentinel, near the village of Haverstraw, gave André the first intimation that he was within the American lines. He felt his danger, but it was too late to recede. His uniform was concealed by a long blue surtout."

*Arnold's Headquarters, opposite West Point.*

4. They arrived at Smith's house at dawn, and at that moment they heard a cannonade in the direction of the Vulture. This movement An-

dré witnessed with anxiety; but when the firing ceased, his spirits revived. During that morning the whole plot was arranged, and the day for its consummation fixed. André was to return to New York, and the British troops, already embarked under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready to ascend the river at a moment's warning. Arnold was to weaken the various posts at West Point by dispersing the garrisons. When the British should appear, he was to send out detachments among the mountain gorges, under pretense of meeting the enemy, as they approached, at a distance from the works.

5. All the plans being arranged, Arnold supplied André with papers explaining the military condition of West Point and its dependencies. These he requested him to place between his stockings and feet, and, in the event of accident, to destroy them. He then gave him a pass, and, bidding André adieu, Arnold went up the river in his own barge to headquarters, fully believing that no obstacle lay in the way of the success of his wicked scheme. André passed the remainder of the day alone, and, as soon as evening came, applied to Smith to take him back to the Vulture. Smith refused this request, but offered to ride half the night with André on horseback, if he would

take the land-route. This offer André was compelled to accept.

6. The following morning, after they had parted, Major André set off alone on horseback for New York, and while on his way, thinking himself safe under the disguise of "John Anderson," he was met and stopped by three young men of the militia, who searched him, and found papers in his boots. These papers were from General Arnold, and contained an exact account of the works at West Point, and other things that would be of advantage to the enemy. The young men committed their prisoner to the custody of Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, who, completely bewildered, sent a messenger to Arnold, informing him of the capture.

7. Poor André behaved like a man through all the sad scenes that followed. His accomplishments, his amiable character, and his graceful manners, excited universal interest, and nothing was left untried to save him. It is said that Washington even tried to have Arnold taken from the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, in order that he might be able to send back André in exchange. The last request of the gallant officer was that he might be spared the rope, and die a soldier's death. But even this the stern laws of war forbade. A court-martial sentenced him, and Wash-

ington signed the death-warrant. Mr. Sparks says: "There was no stronger trait in the character of Washington than humanity; the misfortunes and sufferings of others touched him keenly; and his feelings were deeply moved at the part he was compelled to act in consenting to the death of André." The fate of Arnold is well known. The letter from Colonel Jameson gave him sufficient warning to make good his escape.

*Mrs. Kirkland.*

## XXX.

### CHAMPE.

1. The strong feeling of sympathy for André was equaled by an intense hatred for Arnold, and Washington cherished an ardent desire to capture and punish this arch-traitor. To accomplish this wish he called to his aid Major Henry Lee, the commander of a brave legion of cavalry. Lee named John Champe, the sergeant-major of his corps, as every way qualified for this service, and accordingly communicated to this soldier the wishes of Washington. Champe was reluctant to undertake the hazardous enterprise, not so much from the personal risk involved, as on account of

the dishonor that might be attached to him for deserting to the enemy.

2. At the earnest solicitation of the commander-in-chief, he finally consented, and during the afternoon he made preparation to escape in the night. The camp was several miles from the Hudson, where lay a British man-of-war. In the middle of the night the officer of the guard reported to Major Lee that one of the men had approached the lines, and, when challenged, he had put spurs to his horse and escaped. The major said that probably the guard had mistaken a countryman for one of the soldiers, but at last began to issue orders to have the troops mustered. Soon word was returned that Champe was missing, and a party was organized to go in pursuit. After as long a delay as he dared without exciting suspicion, Major Lee gave final orders to Lieutenant Middleton, who was at the head of the pursuers' party. "Bring him in alive, if possible," said he, "but shoot him if he resists."

3. With nearly an hour's start, Champe pursued his way at a rapid gait toward the river. During the darkness the pursuers were obliged to stop every little while to examine the tracks, so as to be sure of taking the right road, and so were delayed. In the morning the tracks were plainly visible, and they rapidly gained ground. A little

*Escape of Champe.*

after daylight, Champe, upon reaching the summit of a hill, looked back and saw his pursuers. He immediately dashed on at full speed. Swift was the flight, and swift the pursuit. From the top of the last hill overlooking the Hudson, Champe made motions to the British ship, and a boat was sent out to his assistance. Finding his pursuers close upon him, he seized his portmanteau and plunged into the river. The pursuers were checked by firing from the boat, but Champe's horse was captured and taken back to camp. This led the soldiers to cry out, "The scoundrel is killed! the scoundrel is killed!" And for a few minutes Major Lee was in agony lest his faithful and intrepid sergeant had met with a tragic end. The report of Lieutenant Middleton, however, reassured him, and he patiently awaited results.

4. In the mean time Champe was taken on board the British ship, and afterward sent to New York. No one questioned the genuineness of the desertion, for his rapid flight and plunge in the water had been witnessed by all on board the ship. He was asked to enlist in the British service, and he promised to give an answer after a few days' rest. He was soon in communication with the secret spies of Washington who resided in New York, and a plan of action speedily arranged.

5. For several weeks Arnold had been strictly

watched. It was well known that he was preparing to head an expedition about to sail, but the destination of which was still a secret. A large garden was attached to the house where the general had his quarters, and here every night he spent an hour in walking before retiring. The plan was as follows: A board was loosened in the garden fence, which opened into an unfrequented lane. Through this opening Champe and his aids were to enter the garden and secrete themselves. At a given signal a blanket was to be thrown over Arnold's head, completely stifling his voice. He was then to be carried through back streets to the river, where a boat was in readiness to take him to the Jersey shore. Should they be challenged by a sentinel on the way, they would claim that they were taking a drunken soldier to the guard-house.

6. The night was agreed upon, and everything was in readiness. Major Lee sent a party with led-horses to receive Champe and his prisoner from the boat. Hour after hour passed, and no boat appeared. The officer in charge anxiously waited till the break of day, and then he reluctantly gave orders to retreat, lest the party should attract the attention of the enemy. The failure was the result of a mere accident. On the very day fixed for the enterprise Arnold changed his

quarters to a place where he could more conveniently superintend the embarkation of his troops; and Champe, who had enlisted, found himself on shipboard. Here he remained until the forces landed in Virginia, and then he again deserted and made his way to the American lines.

7. Great was the astonishment of his old companions at his reappearance, and it was still greater when they saw how cordially he was received by Major Lee. The story of his adventures was soon known, and he became the hero of the camp. Knowing that he would be hanged if captured by the enemy, he received an honorable discharge from the army and a handsome reward for his services. Seventeen years later Washington sought him for the purpose of bestowing upon him a commission, but it was found that the gallant soldier had moved to the wilds of Kentucky, and was asleep in her soil. The failure to capture Arnold sealed the fate of André, as Washington had now no pretext for interfering with the due process of military law.

## XXXI.

## STONY POINT.

1. On the night of May 31, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton sailed up the Hudson with several ships-of-war and a large force. He sent General Vaughn with troops to the east shore. Both started at midnight, Clinton to take Stony Point, Vaughn to take Fort Lafayette. The twenty men at Stony Point discovered Clinton's approach, and fled. Sir Henry took possession of the fort, turned his guns upon Lafayette, and the seventy men had to surrender, for General Vaughn had cut off their retreat.

2. Having captured the forts, Clinton set his soldiers to work to make Stony Point a formidable fortress, which was not a difficult matter, for the Point was a rocky hill projecting into the river, with a marsh behind, over which the tide flowed, and which was crossed by a causeway and bridge. All communication between New England and the other colonies was now at West Point or above, which was a great inconvenience to Washington, who wished, if possible, to gain possession of King's Ferry once more. But he had no troops to spare to make a regular attack. If captured at all, it must be by a surprise.

3. There was one general in the army who was well fitted to attempt the capture of Stony Point by such a movement—the general who, when a school-boy, was always building forts, and marshalling his playmates; neglecting his studies until his good old uncle, who was educating him, gave up in despair of his ever being a scholar. This was General Wayne—"Mad Anthony" the soldiers called him, because he was terribly in earnest about what he undertook.

4. General Washington met General Wayne at Sandy Beach, fourteen miles from Stony Point, to talk over the matter. Wayne was ready to undertake such an enterprise. "I'll storm hell, general, if you will only plan it!" said Wayne. "Hadn't we better try Stony Point first?" Washington replied. This was the plan: To make a night-march; the men with their muskets unloaded, to cross the marsh at low tide; a party in advance with axes to clear away the abattis; the soldiers to wear white cockades, to distinguish one another in the darkness, and rush with fixed bayonets into the fort.

5. General Wayne and Colonel Febiger reconnoitered the fort. A deserter informed General Wayne in regard to its construction, and how the cannon were placed. General Wayne selected his troops, and thought out his plan of attack, but

kept his plan to himself. At twelve o'clock on the 15th of July, a hot summer day, General Wayne starts with his troops—three regiments of Continental light-infantry. He moves along narrow roads—so narrow and rocky and uneven, that the men march some of the way in single file.

6. The sun goes down and the twilight comes on. At eight o'clock the head of the column is at Mr. Springstreet's, a mile and a half from the fort. No man is allowed to speak. In silence the men march, in silence they come into line, throw themselves upon the ground, and eat their supper of bread and cold meat. General Wayne forms his men into two columns. The right column contains Febiger's and Meigs's regiments and Major Hull's battalion; Colonel Butler's and Major Murfry's troops compose the other. General Wayne will command the right, and Colonel Butler the left. The men do not know what they are to do. Up to this time, Wayne has kept the plan to himself and his chief officers. He orders each soldier to pin a piece of white paper to his hat. They will be able by that to distinguish friend from foe.

7. "We are going to attack the fort," he said, "and the first man inside of it shall have five hundred dollars, and immediate promotion; the second, four hundred; the third, three hundred; the fourth, two hundred; the fifth, one hundred. If

any of you are so lost to the sense of honor as to attempt to retreat or skulk, any officer is authorized to put you to death. I shall share the dangers with you. This is the watchword, '*The fort is our own!*'"

8. Till half-past eleven the men rest; and the brave general, having matured all his plans, writes a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, asking him to take care of his young children if he falls in the assault. This done, the columns in silence move toward the fort. A picket stands at the top of the hill south of the bridge. Two men approach him stealthily, and before he can give an alarm he is a prisoner. A moment later, and the cannon are flashing. On through the water, across the miry marsh, to the hill, the troops move with unloaded muskets. The bayonet is to win the victory. Some fall, never more to rise; but the others work on, cutting away the timbers. They make an opening, and the column, like water pouring through a mill-race, rushes through.

9. A few minutes of hard work then, with the bullets falling like hail about them, and the men are streaming through the second opening, and forming to rush upon the batteries. A shot strikes the brave leader. He falls, with the warm blood streaming over his face. "Forward! forward! Carry me into the fort; let me die there!"

he shouts. On, over rocks and fallen trees, led by Fleury and Febiger, rush the men, to avenge the fall of their leader. "The fort is our own!" Febiger shouts. It goes up from five hundred voices. Nothing can resist the furious assault. Over on the left, Butler is sweeping over the breastworks. "The fort is our own!" is the answering cry, ringing out over the hills.

## XXXII.

## YORKTOWN.

1. The year 1781 opened with brighter prospects for the American cause than that of any year since the beginning of the war. The British force in the North, under Sir Henry Clinton, still held possession of New York, but it was so hemmed in and so closely watched that any raid by land was impossible. Their only way to move was by water, and, during the previous year, several expeditions had been fitted out which had burned some of the smaller places along the coast, but which had done nothing to decide the fate of the war.

2. But, while Sir Henry held New York, the

terrible Cornwallis was ravaging the South. Four years ago they had learned, by the fate of Burgoyne, that there was danger in trying to march through the Northern provinces, and they next turned their attention to the more sparsely-settled regions of South Carolina. The State was soon overrun, and Georgia shared the same fate. General Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne, hastened South, but his army was defeated and nearly annihilated at Camden. The arrogant British commander evidently thought that the rebellion was nearly over, and that he was the appointed instrument to finish it.

3. Only two things now stood in the way of his complete success: Marion—the "Swamp-Fox," as he was called—kept up a partisan warfare in South Carolina, keeping the British constantly annoyed, cutting off their supplies and capturing raiding parties. Then General Greene advanced from the North, with an army that often suffered defeat, but which Cornwallis found so formidable that after each victory he felt obliged to retreat, leaving the battle-field finally in the possession of his adversary.

4. Leaving his plans half executed in the Carolinas, Cornwallis resolved to invade what he termed "the opulent province of Virginia." In May he began his march from Wilmington, North

Carolina, and on the 20th of that month he reached Petersburg. A force under Lafayette was too small to arrest the progress of the advancing British, and at one time it seemed that Virginia would be overcome as the Carolinas had been the year before. Greene was busy in reconquering the South, and Washington was preparing to invest New York, and so Lafayette could expect no aid from either of them.

5. Two unexpected obstacles were now encountered by the British commander. Lafayette was re-enforced by a thousand Pennsylvanians under General Wayne, and Sir Henry Clinton gave peremptory orders to send forward three thousand men to assist in the defense of New York. Cornwallis reluctantly obeyed, and turned his army from the path of victory in Central Virginia down the peninsula, so as to reach a point on the bay where he could be in communication with his ships. He reached Yorktown during the first week in August, where he went into camp, strongly intrenched himself, and awaited events.

6. Washington in the mean time was preparing to attack Sir Henry Clinton at New York. A large French fleet under the Count de Grasse was expected to appear off New York Harbor about the 1st of September, when the final assault was to be made. But, on the 14th of August, the

news came that the destination of De Grasse was the Chesapeake instead of New York. Washington immediately changed his own plans so as to co-operate with his allies. He issued his orders, and soon his whole army was in light marching order on their way south. So quietly was this done that Clinton never knew the American army was in motion until they were near the point of their destination, and it was too late to impede their march. On the 27th of September the army had concentrated, and, in co-operation with the French fleet, sat down to the siege of Yorktown.

7. Cornwallis scuttled his ships, to prevent them falling into the hands of the French, but prepared for a most vigorous defense. Washington was anxious to press the siege, for almost any day a British fleet might be expected, which would drive De Grasse away. Besides, he wished to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the troops at the prospect they had of speedily capturing the hated Cornwallis.

8. On the night of the 14th of October a combined attack was made upon the works of the enemy. The place was bravely defended, but nothing could resist the desperate assault of the French and American troops. Under a furious fire of grape and canister, they charged across the open space before the town, climbed the para-

pets, and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the best and the bravest of Cornwallis's army. The French saw with amazement that the rude peasant soldiery of the Western wilds, in discipline, valor, and achievement, was equal to the trained battalions of Europe; and the Americans viewed the skill and courage of their allies with ever-increasing respect. The outposts were won, and the British position was rendered untenable. Nothing remained but to retreat or to surrender. But Washington has so ordered his army that retreat was impossible.

9. On the 17th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne, as the allied armies were about to recommence the assault, a flag of truce made its appearance, asking a cessation of hostilities with a view to surrender. Two days after (October 19th), Cornwallis's whole force of more than seven thousand men marched out and laid down their arms.

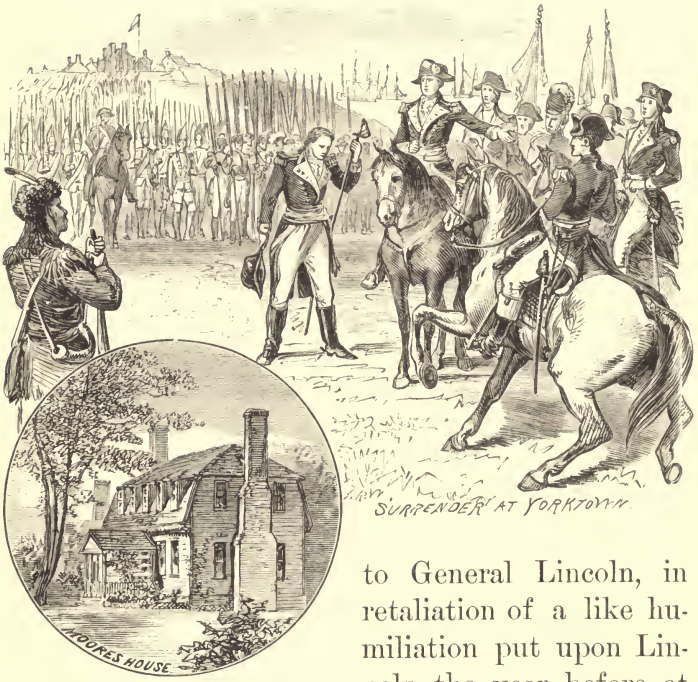
10. The scene was one never to be forgotten in the history of America. The day was bright with autumnal sunshine. The officers of three nations were present dressed in their finest uniforms. The buff and blue of Washington and his companions compared well with the gayer colors of the French and the deep scarlet of the English. In the presence of the assembled allies the British troops

marched out in continuous columns and stacked their arms. Their labor and danger were over for the present, and they could rest, and so a feeling of satisfaction mitigated the chagrin of defeat. Not so the officers; their faces plainly showed their bitter disappointment at a situation so strange and unexpected.

11. On the part of the allies all was serene. On the one side was the majestic figure of Washington, with his military family and principal officers by his side. Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, Wayne, Hamilton, Lincoln, all were there. Opposite them, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of the Grand Empire, were De Grasse, Rochambeau, and their companions. Back of the officers were drawn up the serried ranks of the allied armies. As the British columns made their appearance, they were received in silence, and not one word of triumph was uttered to add to the humiliation of the foe; but every countenance shone with a luster born of the thought of the hardships endured, the victory achieved, and of the beloved homes which might now be sought after eight weary years in camp and field.

12. Cornwallis, unable to bear the humiliation of the scene, kept his tent, and commissioned General O'Hara to represent him on the momentous occasion. Upon the presentation of the sword

sent by Cornwallis as a token of his surrender, Washington waved his hand that it might be given




to General Lincoln, in retaliation of a like humiliation put upon Lincoln the year before at the surrender of Savannah. But at last the pageant was over, the prisoners secured, and the day spent—and the War of the Revolution was practically ended.

13. And well may Washington rejoice! His military policy had been successful, and his last

strategy was crowned with final victory. Henceforth he is to be ranked among the great military commanders of the age. With retrospect he traced all those weary years from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, and with prophetic vision he saw, as a consequence, stretching across a continent a country smiling in peace and plenty, the home of freemen, and the refuge of the oppressed of all lands. No thought of personal ambition or aggrandizement served to mar the beauty of this vision, and the tired soldier gladly relinquished almost unlimited power, and retired to his unpretending and beloved home at Mount Vernon.

## XXXIII.

## PERRY AND LAKE ERIE.

1. The War of 1812 was a second struggle of the United States to complete their independence of British rule and interference. In this war the opposing forces were often brought into action on the seas and lakes. One of the gallant commanders was Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, who had engaged with the British ship Shannon off the harbor of Boston on June 5, 1813. In this encoun-

ter Lawrence was killed by a musket-ball, and his last words were, "Don't give up the ship!" Three months later occurred the battle of Lake Erie, in which Commodore Perry proved himself to be one of the bravest of American heroes, as will appear by some extracts from the description of this battle by B. J. Lossing, the historian:

O. H. Perry

2. "'Sail ho!' were the stirring words that rang out loud and clear from the masthead of the Lawrence on the warm and pleasant morning of the 10th of September, 1813. That herald's proclamation was not unexpected to Perry. Day after day, from the rocky heights of Gibraltar Island, now known as 'Perry's Lookout,' he had pointed his glass anxiously in the direction of Malden. On the evening of the 9th he called around him the officers of his squadron, and gave instructions to each in writing, for he was determined to attack the enemy at his anchorage the next day if he did not come out. To each vessel its antagonist on the British side was assigned, the size and character of them having been communicated to him by Captain Brevoort, whose family lived in Detroit. The Lawrence was assigned to the Detroit; the

Niagara to the Queen Charlotte, and so on; and to each officer he said in substance, 'Engage your antagonist in close action, keeping on the line at half-cable length from the vessel of our squadron ahead of you.'

3. "It was about ten o'clock when the conference ended. The moon was at its full, and it was a spendid autumn night. Just before they parted, Perry brought out a large square battle-flag, which, at his request, Mr. Hambleton, the purser, had caused to be privately prepared at Erie. It was blue, and bore in large letters, made of white muslin, the dying words of the gallant commander of the Chesapeake, 'Don't give up the ship!' 'When this flag shall be hoisted to the main-royal masthead,' said the commodore, 'it shall be your signal for going into action.' As the officers were leaving, he said: 'Gentlemen, remember your instructions. Nelson has expressed my ideas in the words, "If you lay your enemy close alongside, you can not be out of your place." Good-night.'

4. "The cry of 'Sail ho!' was soon followed by signals to the fleet of 'Enemy in sight!' 'Get under way!' and the voices of the boatswains sounding through the squadron and echoing from the shores the command, 'All hands up anchor, ahoy!' At sunrise the British vessels were all seen upon the northwestern horizon—

'Six barks trained for battle, the red flag displaying,
By Barclay commanded, their wings wide outspread,
Forsake their stronghold, on broad Erie essaying
To meet with that foe they so lately did dread!'

*Old Ballad.*

5. "At a little past ten o'clock Perry's line was formed according to the plan arranged the previous evening, the Niagara in the van. The Lawrence was cleared for action, and the battle-flag bearing the words 'Don't give up the ship!' in letters large enough to be seen by the whole squadron, was brought out and displayed. The commodore then addressed his officers and crew a few stirring words, and concluded by saying: 'My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?' 'Ay, ay, sir!' they all shouted, as with one voice, and in a moment it was run up the main-royal mast-head of the flag-ship, amid cheer after cheer, not only from the Lawrence but from the whole squadron. It was the signal for battle.

6. "The sun was within fifteen minutes of the meridian when the bugle sounded on board the Detroit as a signal for action, and the bands of the British squadron struck up 'Rule Britannia.' A shout went up from that little squadron, and a twenty-four-pounder shot from the enemy's flag-ship was sent booming over the waters toward the

Lawrence, then a mile and a half distant. It was evident that Barclay appreciated the advantage of his long guns and wished to fight at a distance, while Perry resolved to press to close quarters before opening his fire.

7. "That first shot from the enemy fell short. Another, five minutes later, went crashing through the bulwarks of the Lawrence. It stirred the blood of her gallant men, but, at the command of Perry, she remained silent. 'Steady, boys, steady!' he said, while his dark eye flashed with the excitement of the moment—an excitement which was half smothered by his judgment. Slowly the American line, with the light wind abeam, moved toward that of the enemy, the two forming an acute angle of about fifteen degrees:

> 'Sublime the pause, when down the gleaming tide
> The virgin galleys to the conflict glide;
> The very wind, as if in awe or grief,
> Scarce makes a ripple or disturbs a leaf.'
>
> *Tuckerman.*

Signals were given for each vessel to engage its antagonist. The battle now began on the part of the Americans.

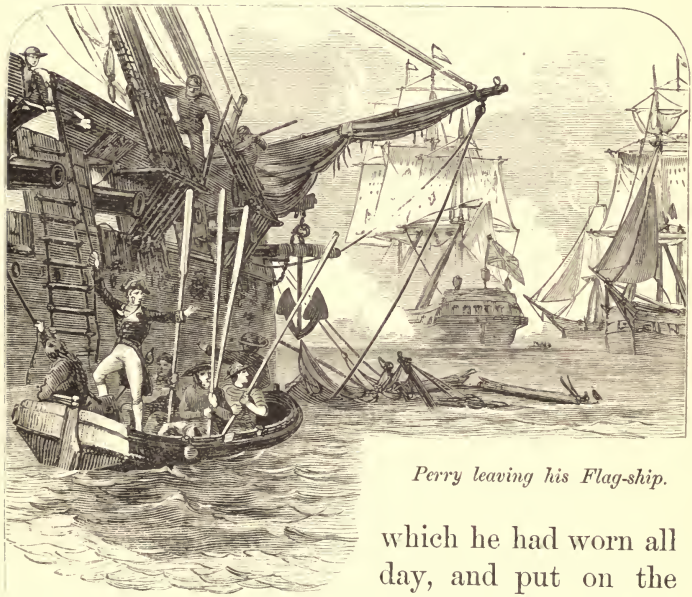
8. "Perry soon perceived that he was too far distant to damage the enemy materially, so he ordered word to be sent from vessel to vessel, by trumpet, for all to make sail, bear down upon Bar-

clay, and engage in close combat. The order was transmitted by Lieutenant Elliott, who was second in command, but he failed to obey it himself. For two hours the gallant Perry and his devoted ship bore the brunt of the battle with twice his force, aided only by the schooners on his weather-bow and some feeble shots from the distant Caledonia when she could spare them from her adversary the Hunter. During that tempest of war his vessel was terribly shattered. Her rigging was nearly all shot away; her sails were torn into shreds; her spars were battered into splinters; her guns were dismounted. The carnage on her deck had been terrible. Out of one hundred and three sound men, twenty-two were slain and sixty-one were wounded.

9. "He had fought as long as possible. More than two hours had worn away in the conflict. His vessel lay helpless and silent upon the almost unruffled bosom of the lake. His last effective heavy gun had been fired by himself, assisted by his purser and chaplain. Only fourteen persons remained on his deck, and only nine of these were seamen. A less hopeful man would have pulled down his flag in despair; but Perry's spirit was too lofty to be touched by common misfortunes. From his mast-head floated the admonition, as if audibly spoken by the brave Lawrence, 'Don't

give up the ship.' The Niagara was stanch, swift, and apparently unhurt, for she had kept far away from danger. He determined to fly to her deck, spread all needful sail to catch the stiffening breeze, bear down swift upon the crippled enemy, break his line, and make a bold stroke for victory.

10. "With the calmness of perfect assurance, Perry laid aside his blue nankeen sailor's jacket



*Perry leaving his Flag-ship.*

which he had worn all day, and put on the uniform of his rank, as if conscious that he should secure a victory.

'Yarnall,' he said, 'I leave the Lawrence in your charge, with discretionary powers.' He had already ordered his boat to be lowered, his broad pennant, and the banner with its glorious words, to be taken down, but leaving the stars and stripes floating defiantly over the battered hulk. With these, his little brother, and four stout seamen for the oars, he started upon his perilous voyage, anxiously watched by Yarnall and his companions.

11. "He stood upright in his boat, the pennant and the banner half folded around him, a mark for the anxious eyes of his own men and for the guns of the enemy. The latter discovered the movement. Barclay, who was badly wounded, and whose flag-ship was almost dismantled, well knew that, if Perry should tread the quarter-deck of the fresh Niagara as commander, his squadron would be in great danger of defeat. He therefore ordered great and little guns to be brought to bear upon the frail vessel, laden with a hero of purest mold. Cannon-balls, grape, canister, and musket-shot were hurled in showers toward the little boat during the fifteen minutes that it was making its way from the Lawrence to the Niagara. The oars were splintered, bullets traversed the boat, and the crew were covered with the spray caused by the falling of heavy round and grape shot in the water near.

12. "Perry stood erect, unmindful of danger. His men entreated him to be seated. At length, when his oarsmen threatened to cease labor if he did not sit down, he consented to do so. A few minutes later they were all climbing to the deck of the Niagara, entirely unharmed, and greeted with the loud cheers of the Americans, who had watched the movement with breathless anxiety. Perry was met at the gangway by the astonished Elliott. There were hurried questions and answers. 'How goes the day?' asked Elliott. 'Bad enough,' responded Perry; 'why are the gunboats so far astern?' 'I'll bring them up,' said Elliott. 'Do so,' responded Perry. He immediately ran up his pennant, displayed the blue banner, hoisted the signal for close action, and received quick responses and cheers from the whole squadron.

13. "Perry's movement against the British line was successful. He broke it; passed at half pistol-shot distance the ships of the enemy, and poured in tremendous broadsides right and left from double-shotted guns. He rounded-to and raked the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, which had got foul of each other. Close and deadly was his fire upon them with great guns and musketry. The fight was terrible for a few moments, and the combatants were completely enveloped in smoke.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the flag of the Detroit was lowered. The roar of cannon ceased; and, as the blue vapor of battle was borne away by the breeze, it was discovered that the two squadrons were intermingled. The victory was complete. The flag of the Lawrence had indeed been struck to the enemy, but she had not been taken possession of. She was yet free, and, with a feeble shout that floated not far over the waters, her exhausted crew flung out the flag of their country from her mast-head.

14. "This triumph was a remarkable one in American and British history. Never before had an American fleet or squadron encountered an enemy in regular line of battle, and never before, since England created a navy and boasted that

'Britannia rules the wave,'

had a whole British squadron been captured. It was a proud moment for Perry and his companions. When Perry's eye perceived at a glance that victory was secure, he wrote, in pencil, on the back of an old letter, resting it upon his navy cap, that remarkable dispatch to General Harrison whose first clause has been so often quoted, 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours!'"

## XXXIV.

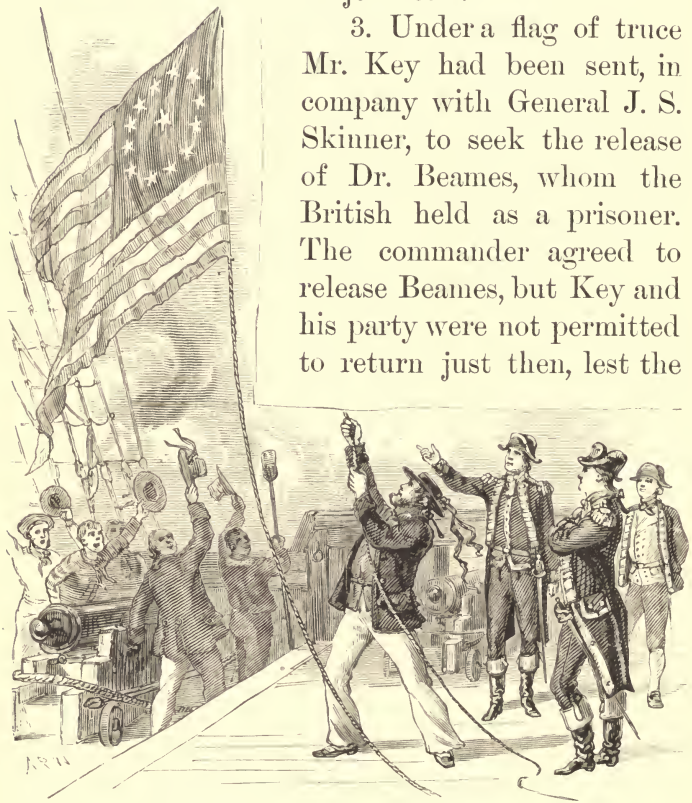
## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1. During the War of 1812, and one year after the battle of Lake Erie, occurred the attack upon Fort McHenry at Baltimore. While movements were in operation on land, the British fleet was preparing to perform a conspicuous part in the drama. Frigates, schooners, and sloops had entered the Patapsco early on the morning of the 12th and anchored off Fort McHenry, beyond the reach of its guns. During the night of the 12th, the fleet made full preparations for an attack on the fort on the morning of the 13th. Fort McHenry was commanded by a brave soldier, and defended by gallant companions.

2. The bombardment from the vessels was continued until seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when it ceased entirely. The night had been passed in the greatest anxiety by the inhabitants of Baltimore, for in the maintenance of Fort McHenry was their chief hope for the safety of the city. An incident which occurred at that time gave birth to one of the most popular of our national songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner," in which that anxiety is graphically expressed. It was written by Francis S. Key, who was a resident of

Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, and then a volunteer in the light artillery commanded by Major Peter.

3. Under a flag of truce Mr. Key had been sent, in company with General J. S. Skinner, to seek the release of Dr. Beames, whom the British held as a prisoner. The commander agreed to release Beames, but Key and his party were not permitted to return just then, lest the



intended bombardment of Baltimore should be disclosed. They were, therefore, brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, and placed on

board the ship Minden, under the guns of the frigate, where they were compelled to witness the action against Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours. Key watched the flag that floated over the fort through the day with an anxiety that absorbed every other emotion, until the gathering darkness threw its mantle over the scene. In the night the bursting bombs still spoke of successful resistance, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the flag of his country.

4. It was under these circumstances that he composed "The Star-Spangled Banner," descriptive of the scenes of that doubtful night, and of his own excited feelings. As the struggle ceases, upon the coming morn, uncertain of the result, his eye seeks for the banner of his hope, and he asks in doubt:

5. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

6. And then, as through the mists is dimly seen the stripes and stars fluttering in the first rays of the morning sun, he triumphantly exclaims:

7. On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

8. The next two stanzas are in the spirit of true prophecy inspired by the occasion:

9. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country would leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

10. Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

## XXXV.

## BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

1. The War of 1812 lasted about three years. During the year 1814, the British army captured and plundered many towns and cities on the Southern coast, burned the Capitol and the President's house at Washington, and attacked New Orleans. General Andrew Jackson defended the city with a much smaller force than that which made the attack. He fortified the city with breastworks built of cotton-bales, and from behind them repulsed the British army of twelve thousand, with a loss of but eight Americans killed. This was the battle of New Orleans, and was fought January 8, 1815. The treaty of peace had been signed December 24, 1814, but the news of it had not yet reached the contending armies.

2. At one o'clock on the morning of this memorable day, on a couch in a room of the

McCarty mansion-house, General Jackson lay asleep in his worn uniform. Several of his aides slept on the floor in the same apartment, all equipped for the field, except that their sword-belts were unbuckled, and their swords and pistols laid aside. Sentinels moved noiselessly about the building, which loomed up large, dim, and silent in the foggy night, among the darkening trees. Most of those who slept at all that night were still asleep, and there was as yet little stir in either camp to disturb their slumbers.

3. Dreaming of their Scottish hills and homes, their English fields and friends, may have been many brave Britons in their cold and wet bivouac. O tardy Science, O Morse, O Cyrus Field, why were you not ready with your oceanic telegraph then, to tell those men of both armies when they awoke that they were not enemies, but friends and brothers, and send them joyful into one another's arms? The ship that bore the blessed news of peace was still in mid-ocean, contending with its wintry winds and waves. How much would have gone differently in our history if those tidings had arrived a few weeks sooner!

4. Jackson looked at his watch. It was past one. "Gentlemen," said he to his dozing aides, "we have slept enough. Rise. The enemy will be upon us in a few minutes! I must go and

see Coffee." The order was obeyed promptly. Sword-belts were buckled, pistols resumed, and in a few minutes the party were ready to begin the duties of the day. There was little for the American troops to do but to repair to their posts. By four o'clock in the morning, along the whole line of works, every man was in his place, and everything was ready.

5. The Mississippi was not visible, its waters being covered with fog; nor was there a single soldier, save our own little phalanx, to be seen, or the tramp of a horse or a single footstep to be heard, by way of announcing that the battle-scene was about to begin. And the only words which now escaped the officers were "Steady, men; steady, men!" These warnings were quite unnecessary, as every soldier was, as it were, transfixed like fox-hunters, waiting with breathless expectation, and casting significant looks one at the other before Reynard breaks cover.

6. The suspense was soon over. Daylight struggled through the mist. About six o'clock the head of the army was advancing at the steady, solid British pace to the attack. The column soon came up with the American outposts, who at first retreated slowly before it, but soon quickened their pace and ran in, bearing their great news, and putting every man in the works intensely on

the alert; each commander anxious for the honor of first getting a glimpse of the foe, and opening fire upon him.

7. Lieutenant Spotts was the first man in the American lines who descried through the fog the dim red line of General Gibbs, the British commander's advancing column, far down the plain, close to the forest. The thunder of his great guns broke the stillness. Then there was silence again. The fog lifted and soon revealed both divisions, which seemed to cover two thirds of the plain. Three cheers from Carroll's men; three cheers from the Kentuckians behind them!

8. Steadily and fast the column of General Gibbs marched toward the American batteries. As they neared the lines, the well-aimed shot made more dreadful havoc, cutting great lanes in the column from front to rear, and tossing men aloft or hurling them far on one side. At length, still steady and unbroken, they came within range of the small-arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseeans, the muskets of Adams's Kentuckians, four lines of sharp-shooters, one behind the other. General Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his guns mute till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word "Fire!"

9. At first with a certain deliberation, afterward in hottest haste, always with deadly effect,

the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The noise was peculiar and altogether indescribable—a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man that heard it. Along the whole line it blazed and rolled, the British batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert. Imagine it! Ask no man to describe it. Our words were mostly made before such a scene was possible.

10. Brief was the unequal contest. Colonel Rennie, Captain Henry, Major King, three only of the British column, reached the summit of the rampart near the river's edge. "Hurrah, boys!" cried Rennie, already wounded, as the three officers gained the breastwork—"hurrah, boys! the day is ours!" At that moment, Beal's New Orleans sharp-shooters, withdrawing a few paces for better aim, fired a volley, and the three noble soldiers fell headlong into the ditch.

11. A pleasant story connected with the advance of Colonel Rennie's column is related. As the detachments along the road advanced, their bugler, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, climbing a small tree within two hundred yards of the American lines, straddled a limb, and continued to blow the charge with all his power.

12. There he remained during the whole action, while the cannon-balls and bullets plowed

the ground around him, killed scores of men, and tore even the branches of the tree in which he sat. At last, when the British had entirely abandoned the ground, an American soldier, passing from the lines, captured the little bugler and brought him into camp. Here he was greatly astonished when some of the enthusiastic creoles, who had observed his gallantry, actually embraced him, and officers and men vied with each other in acts of kindness to so gallant a little soldier.

13. How long a time, does the reader think, elapsed between the fire of the first American gun and the total rout of the attacking column? Twenty-five minutes! Not that the American fire ceased, or even slackened, at the end of that period; but in the space of twenty-five minutes the discomfiture of the enemy in the open field was complete. The scene behind the American works during the fire can be easily imagined. The batteries alone at the center of the works, contributed anything to the fortunes of the day.

14. When the action began, Jackson walked along the left of the lines, speaking a few words of good cheer to the men as he passed the several corps: "Stand to your guns. Don't waste your ammunition! See that every shot tells! Give it to them, boys! Let us finish the business to-day!" Such words as these escaped him now and then;

the men not engaged cheering him as he went by. At eight o'clock, there being no signs of a renewed attack, and no enemy in sight, an order was sent along the lines to cease firing with the small-arms.

15. The whole army crossed to the parapet, and looked over into the field. What a scene was gradually disclosed to them! The plain was covered and heaped with dead and wounded, as well as with those who had fallen paralyzed by fear alone. "I never had," Jackson said, "so grand and awful an idea of the resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of battle had cleared off, I saw more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades and coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war. They had fallen at our first fire upon them, without having received so much as a scratch, and lay prostrate, as if dead, until the close of the action."

16. The American army, to their credit be it said, were appalled and silenced at the scene before them. Seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, five hundred prisoners, were the dread result of that twenty-five minutes' work. Jackson's loss, as all the world knows, was eight killed and thirteen wounded.

*Parton.*

## XXXVII.

## BUENA VISTA.

1. Soon after Texas was admitted into the Union, a war broke out between the United States and Mexico. The United States claimed Texas as an independent country, while Mexico regarded it as a revolted State. A United States army, under General Taylor, took possession of the disputed territory, and this led to collisions with the Mexican forces, and soon after to a declaration of war. Then General Taylor was ordered to advance across the Rio Grande into the Mexican territory. With a small force not exceeding five thousand men, he crossed the river and drove away the Mexican army sent to oppose him, and took up his line of march for the important city of Monterey. This place contained ten thousand inhabitants, and was held by a Mexican force of ten thousand men. With his little army Taylor boldly advanced to the attack, and for three days the battle lasted, the Mexicans fighting bravely from street to street. At last the determined valor of the Northern soldiers won, and the Mexicans were forced to capitulate.

2. Taylor remained at Monterey from November to February, hoping that, with the fall of the

city, the war would terminate. But, at the end of that time, he was again ordered to advance. His army now numbered in all only five thousand men, and with this small force he marched into the heart of a country of eight million inhabitants. In his advance he was obliged to traverse narrow passes in the mountains to reach the plains above; and, after a toilsome march, he found himself face to face with the Mexican general, Santa Anna, at the head of an army of twenty thousand men.

3. Knowing the disparity of forces, General Taylor immediately took position in the pass of Buena Vista, where he awaited the movement of the Mexicans. The high, steep ridges and the deep ravines of the pass were unfavorable to the successful movement of a large body of men, and Santa Anna found that it was impossible for him to use all his force to the best advantage. Here the battle took place on the 22d and 23d of February, 1847. The charge of the Mexicans upon the American lines was strong and courageous, and for a time was successful. The Americans were driven back, and the retreat would have been turned into a rout had it not been for the fine discipline of the men and the obstinate valor of General Taylor, who would not believe that he could be beaten.

4. The cavalry of the Americans did most efficient service, and the Mexicans were perfectly amazed to witness the quickness of movement and rapidity of firing of the American light artillery. A battery would be in place, and, before the smoke of a discharge had blown away, it was seen in full gallop to another part of the field, where it could perform more deadly service.

5. Toward the close of the afternoon of the second day, the Mexican attacks became more feeble, and at last ceased altogether. General Taylor disposed his forces so as to renew the battle the next morning; but it was found that in the night Santa Anna had retreated, leaving his camp and wounded in the hands of the victors. The loss of the Americans in this conflict was six hundred and forty-six, and that of the Mexicans two thousand. Upon the retreat many of the Mexicans deserted, and Santa Anna reached his capital fleeing before an invading force of five thousand, with a loss of upward of ten thousand, or more than half his army. The success of General Taylor brought his name before the public, and in 1848 he was elected President of the United States. An incident in the battle of Buena Vista gave rise to Whittier's fine poem, which follows:

### THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

6. Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? Who is winning? Are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear?

7. "Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? Who is winning? "Over hill and over plain
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

8. Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more!
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before—
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, man and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course!"

9. Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away,

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! There the troop of Minon wheels!
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

10. "Jesu, pity! how it thickens! Now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders, horse and foot together fall;
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball!"

11. Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall:
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!

12. "Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain!
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

13. "Oh, my heart's love! Oh, my dear one, lay thy
poor head on my knee!
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou
hear me? Canst thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Ber-
nal! look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy!
all is o'er!"

14. Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one
down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon
his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral
masses said:
To-day, thou poor, bereaved one, the living ask thy
aid.

15. Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding
slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena
knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-
belt.

16. With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away
her head,
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon
her dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

17. Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled.
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died.

18. "A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds that bled.

19. Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive.
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

20. Sink, O Night, among the mountains! let the cool,
gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain
over all.
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled.
In the sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

21. But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care
they hung,
And the dying foemen blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

22. Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of
ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
their prayer,
And still thy white-robed angels hover dimly in our
air!

THE END.